The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1915.

Summary of the News

The crisis of America's issue with Germany over the sinking of the Arabic was passed on Tuesday of last week, when Ambassador Bernstorff forwarded to Washington expressions of sympathy sent by the German Government, together with the request that the American Government wait for further particulars before taking a definite stand. On August 25 Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg gave out a statement to a representative of the Associated Press in which he said that, if the commander of the submarine which sank the Arabic had exceeded his instructions, "the Imperial Government would not hesitate to give such complete satisfaction to the United States as would conform to the friendly relations existing between both Governments." The inference is that some time since the sinking of the Lusitania orders were issued forbidding the torpedoing of passenger ships without warning. On Thursday of last week the German Ambassador called at the State Department and, it is understood, gave assurances that the whole dispute over submarine warfare, so far as it concerns this country, would be brought to a peaceful settlement.

Nothing definite is known by the public as to the lines on which the German case will be presented. But it is reasonably certain that the President will insist upon a discussion of the question on its own merits, regardless of what the United States Government may have in mind in the way of attempting to modify the English blockade of German ports. Meanwhile the situation may be somewhat affected by the fear expressed in Berlin on Tuesday that the submarine which is alleged to have sunk the Arabic has been lost.

Informal negotiations by foreign trade advisers of the State Department have resulted in concessions also from England. The British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, has explained that the concessions are especially designed to relieve the hardship of American importers who have contracted for goods made in Germany and Austria for the Christmas trade. The proposed relaxation of the Order in Council of March 15 will, it is understood, release American-owned goods of German origin now at Rotterdam and valued at more than $150,000,000.

On Thursday of last week Col. Roosevelt's name was once more to be found on the first pages of the morning papers, as a result of his attack made the preceding day upon President Wilson. On the invitation of Major-Gen. Wood Col. Roosevelt addressed the business men in training at Plattsburgh and instructed them mainly as to the meaning of the phrase, "standing by the President," his interpretation being that the President should receive the adherence of American citizens only when he was right, and he plainly implied that Mr. Wilson in his foreign policy had substituted "elocution" for "action." This speech brought a rebuke from Secretary of War Garrison to Major-Gen. Wood for allowing Mr. Roosevelt such latitude. Thereupon the Colonel shifted his attack to Mr. Garrison, upbraiding him for not having asked to see the now notorious speech in advance. Mr. Garrison countered neatly by remarking good-humoredly that he was too busy a man to hope to save the Colonel from his indiscretions. And there the matter rests.

Following up its designation of cotton as a contraband of war, the British Government has announced through the Embassy at Washington that assignments of cotton would be permitted to neutral countries to the extent of their normal consumption, but that "under the procedure of international law relating to absolute contraband, evidence of ultimate destination will be necessary to the condemnation of cotton as lawful prize."

The Austro-German armies have added considerably to their successes recorded in our issue of last week. It was announced last Thursday that the fortress of Brest-Litovsk had been captured, and later that the Russian lines in southeastern Galicia had been pierced at two points. If this latter statement is true, operations of the railway leading to Kiev may be seriously interfered with. In the Baltic provinces Gen. Hindenburg's forces have resumed the offensive. Grodno is holding out. According to reports, von Hindenburg still has hopes of cutting off the Russian retreat by capturing a portion of the great Warsaw-Petrograd railway north of Vilna. We leave our readers to fill in the details of the Austro-German operations from the extended discussion of the matter found in our editorial columns.

What is understood to be an inspired statement of Bulgaria's present attitude has appeared in a publication controlled by the Government of that country. It explains that it is the intention of the Cabinet to adhere to a policy of neutrality except in the event that the rights "filched from Bulgaria" under the Treaty of Bucharest after the second Balkan War are restored. Berlin, on the other hand, continues to believe that a Bulgarian-Turkish agreement has been signed and is about to go into effect. As for the concession asked of Servians to facilitate the entrance of Bulgaria into the war on the side of the Allies, dispatches from Nish and Rome, transmitted by London, give the positive assurance that Servia's reply to the Powers of the Entente has been received, and that it makes the "indispensable sacrifice." Until more definite proof is furnished, cautious observers of the situation in the Balkans will not look for action.

Malcontents who have recently been busy with a plan to embarrass the French Government in its conduct of the war, and especially to retire Gen. Joffre, were put to rout in a session of the Chamber of Deputies on August 26. Though intending to strike at the Cabinet, and particularly at M. Millerand, Minister of War, because of the secrecy in which Government business has been enveloped, such a feeling against them developed in the Chamber that, instead of recording their dissent from the Government, as expected, they voted the war credits asked almost to a man, the figures being 539 to 1.

Considerable activity has been shown during the past week by French aviators, who have bombarded at Dornach a plant where the Germans manufactured asphyxiating gases and also the railway station at Mülheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, besides repulsing an attack upon Paris attempted by six German aviators.

After a period of unusual success, the German submarines have during the past week relaxed their activity. Since we last wrote they have sunk two British merchantmen, two trawlers, and the Swedish steamship Disa. Lloyd's quarterly report for the period ended August 12 gives the losses to British shipping from submarines and other hostile craft and from mines as 68 steamships, with an aggregate gross tonnage of 180,713, and nine sailing vessels.

Hayti's Parliament has been given until the 17th of this month to act on the treaty urged by this country, according to which the American Government proposes to establish a protectorate for ten years over the island republic. Secretary Lansing on August 25 gave out a most important statement concerning American intentions. The purpose is to protect Hayti, by assuming control of her finances, against the machinations of grafting politicians. Mr. Lansing was emphatic in declaring that the Administration would be bound by its pledges to refrain from acquiring a foot of foreign territory. But he implied that if the Haytians would not accept the treaty offered, this Government was prepared to exercise force.

The American submarine F-4, which was wrecked in Honolulu harbor on March 25, with the loss of twenty-two lives, has at length been raised from a depth of 300 feet, and has been placed in dry-dock. Thus far only one of the bodies has been identified.

A report was current on Wednesday that Gen. Pascual Orozco, one of the supporters of Huerta, had been shot and killed in a fight between Mexicans and an American posse.

Agents of the Secret Service of the Department of Justice arrested at Washington last week Gustav Kopsch, a German reservist, on the charge of espionage. Kopsch had in his possession photographs and films of the fortifications at Fortress Monroe and pictures of the proposed fortifications at Cape Henry.

The receipts from tolls of the Panama Canal for its first year of commercial operation, ending August 15, were $5,216,149. This amount represents the passage of 1,317 ocean-going vessels, having a gross tonnage of 6,494,673, and a net tonnage of 4,596,644. The Suez Canal, during the past year, has received from tolls four and five-eighths times the amount taken in at Panama.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Week

Hopefulness in Washington regarding the prospect of a settlement of our submarine controversy with Germany is fully justified. Berlin is indulging in a rapid series of manifestations of a desire to give satisfaction that are positively bewildering when contrasted with the iron attitude of non-concession that her press and her public men have hitherto maintained. First came the Bernstorff note, asking for suspension of judgment until Germany's side of the Arabic case had been heard. Then came Bethmann-Hollweg's interview. Now comes Bernstorff's explicit promise that his Government is prepared to give "full satisfaction." And all this volunteered from Berlin! From the Bernstorff note asking for a little patience on our part it is evident that the German Government had made up its mind to be friends. We were asked to wait until the other side had been heard. What could that other side be? Surely, not the renewal of the general question of Germany's right to sink passenger ships with Americans on board. On that, the note of President Wilson had taken so explicit a stand that there was no further room for debate. Evidently, listening to the other side meant giving Germany a chance to show, not that the sinking of the Arabic was perhaps justified, but that the act was contrary to Germany's orders. Of this we now have specific confirmation.

The reasons for the sudden change of front in Berlin are plentiful. In the first place, undoubtedly, is the desire not to make of us an enemy. The argument so often heard that Germany would not be averse to having us go to war, in order to cut off our supply of ammunitions to the Allies, or in order to make it easier for the German Government to acknowledge a general defeat by pointing to a world of enemies, was always metaphysical. Unquestionably, the victories in Poland have placed the German Government in a position where it can yield without seeming to do so under the fear of defeat. Add to this the growing recognition of the fact that the submarine campaign against England has cost more than it was worth. The British Admiralty's phrasing of the report regarding the destruction of a German submarine by an aeroplane goes to confirm the belief which has been current for many weeks that Germany's loss in undersea boats has been far heavier than she has admitted. Finally, comes the diplomatic reason. Having yielded to us on a matter which for half a year Germany has professed to consider of vital concern to her, she can now begin to press for action by our Government against England in the matter of blockade. The coincidence in time between the establishment of cotton contraband and Germany's giving in on submarine warfare may be significant.

Germany's yielding to the United States has surprised and impressed English newspapers. They speak of it as a great American diplomatic triumph, and call it a "fine moral victory for President Wilson." If such a thing had happened after our fleet had been mobilized, or plans announced for raising an army of 3,000,000 men, we know how jubilant our super-militarists would have been. As it is, they have been telling us that the country is so weak and contemptible that nobody pays any attention to our protests, and that our honor is trampled into the dust by every nation that chooses to do it. Well, what they have to explain now is the fact that the mightiest military Power on earth has eagerly sought to keep the friendship of the despised United States, and to do what we have demanded as a matter of law and neutral rights. This is the sudden and amazing change in German policy which has overcome the whole world with special wonder. Of course, much remains to be done. The settlement of the Arabic case, which the German Government now promises to our full satisfaction, has to be made the basis for the settlement of the entire large question at issue. From the one instance our Government will be able to advance to the general principle. This is that Germany wholly concede our contention as to past events, and give us assurances that nothing of the kind will occur in the future.

Not everybody in Germany is in agreement with Minister of Finance Helfferich in regarding the enormous war expenditures as an investment on which the returns will come from indemnities contributed by the Allies. The Berlin *Vorwärts* points out that after the war the interest on the Imperial debt and pensions alone will amount to two and a half billion marks ($625,000,000), which is only one hundred million dollars less than the total expenditures of the Imperial budget three years ago. In discussing the possible effect on internal conditions of the enormous problems in taxation which the future will bring, the *Vorwärts* plainly does not take it for granted that the Allies will pay the interest on Germany's debt, or that money will be obtained, as suggested in some quarters, by selling back the soil conquered by the German armies to its former possessors. Germany's vast outlays did not begin with the outbreak of the war. Shortly before that came the patriotic "war contribution" of a quarter of a billion dollars. Whereas the "extraordinary" expenditures in the Imperial budget during the years 1912-14 ranged between twenty-five and thirty million dollars, in 1915 they ran above $2,500,000,000. Of course, the financial problems that confront Germany must be faced by all the Allies in varying degree; and the result everywhere is bound to be what the *Vorwärts* foresees for Germany—a demand for a great extension of popular rights, as a reward for the sacrifices of the war and the vast new burdens imposed upon the people.

The arrival on Sunday of $19,500,000 from Europe, in part payment of the increasing indebtedness on the part of England and France to the United States for current trade, is in many ways a striking incident of the day. This particular consignment, though sent immediately from England, was not taken from the London market. It undoubtedly is part of the amount of gold (described in the dispatches as $40,000,000) which was shipped a week or more ago by the Bank of France to England. Such a shipment by the French Bank was made easy by the extraordinary manner in which the French people have responded to the request of their Government that they bring their hoarded gold to the Bank to exchange for notes. Since that request was published, on July 2, no less an amount than $107,000,000 gold has been added to the Bank's reserve, that great sum representing part of the hoards laid aside in safe corners, ever since the "Morocco episode" of 1911 foreshadowed the coming war. As for the indebtedness of the Allied belligerents to the United States, that is something which grows more spectacular as the war continues. In the popular mind, this excess of payments due to us from Europe, over payments due to Europe from us, is commonly ascribed to the enormous orders placed here for war material. Those shipments have undoubtedly played their part; including exports such as horses and woollen and rubber goods, which must be largely destined for military uses, we have sent out since August, 1914, perhaps $170,000,000 more than in the same months of the preceding twelvemonth. But the Government's report of our foreign commerce for July, just published, shows

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that as yet the "munitions exports" are but a relatively small part of our increase in outward trade. In the seven completed months of 1915, our total export of merchandise ran $769,000,000 above that of 1914, while the surplus of exports over imports was larger by $900,000,000.

The Vatican has probably received with only partial gratification the suggestion of an improvement in the status of the Papacy, put forward in the course of the recent debate in the Reichstag. "The position created for the Pope by the war," said Dr. Spahn, leader of the powerful Catholic Centre, "reveals its untenability for the future and compels us to think of the international regulation of his status which shall be commensurate with the rights, dignity, and duties of the Papacy." This is plainly directed against Italy, the new enemy, as Bethmann-Hollweg called her in the same debate. Outside interference will be regarded in Italy as making only more difficult the relations between Quirinal and Vatican. Nor does it improve the international status of the Papacy to make its interests a war issue. The position of the head of the Church has been hard enough in a war in which Catholics are engaged in slaughtering each other, and in which the Princes of the Church have assumed the rôle of partisans. Cardinal Mercier's hot protest against the ills inflicted by the Germans upon Belgium must be reconciled somehow with the action of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Cologne in congratulating the Kaiser upon the triumph of German arms. The Catholic Committee of French Propaganda, under the patronage of the Cardinal-Archbishops of Paris and Rheims, has been circulating documents and photographs accusing the German armies of sacrilege as well as cruelty. The Church is suffering sufficiently from the strife of national passions without having the issue of the political status of the Papacy superadded.

It was as a result in part of our own Civil War, in part of Europe's development of iron hulls, that the American merchant marine rapidly began to lose place about 1863. As a consequence of the European war and the lower price of steel plates in America, it has now mustered a greater number of ships than at any time since that year. The American flag can to-day be seen on 2,768 vessels registered in the foreign trade; and whereas in 1913 the ports of Great Britain were visited by fewer American ships than even Greek, Russian, or Spanish, we now have a tonnage running close to that of France and Norway, or fifth in the world. It is not likely that there will be many more foreign vessels transferred to American registry, but our own shipyards are turning out an ever-increasing number. There was a time, when sailing navigation reached its greatest development early in the last century, that the American navy stood first on the Atlantic, and was seriously trying to wrest the Chinese trade from England. Frenssen's hero of that day, standing on the Hamburg waterfront and trying to catch the flags of the largest vessels in sight, could remark: "Of course—the Star-Spangled Banner." The new and unprecedented increase in tonnage is a reminder to us that we achieved our old station by building ships of superior speed, carrying capacity, and labor-saving devices. To gain or hold our own after the war will challenge our builders, while it already puts upon our legislators the necessity of repealing laws that increase labor-costs.

The Commons-Harriman portion of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission will receive discussion where Walsh's maunderings will be thrown aside. The plan is to create a permanent bureau in each State, and another at Washington, the former to administer and enforce all State labor laws, the other Federal laws. Associated with each should be an advisory council, representing capital, agriculture, and labor, and serving without pay. The whole idea is to entrust to an impartial body, coöperating with all parties, matters that are now fought out blindly in Legislatures and in manufacturing plants. It is easy to adduce reasons why practical applications of the plan will be slow. There is by no means unanimous agreement that the greatest cause of industrial unrest is the breakdown in the administration of the labor laws. The serious split in the Industrial Relations Commission itself breeds a doubt whether the permanent State and Federal commissions and their councils would be such harmonious bodies as Professor Commons envisages. With the members intrenched behind their six-year terms, deadlocks and quarrels might be endless. The report gains nothing by its inclusion of an inadequately sketched plan for an inheritance tax to support these new industrial bodies. It would be felt, too, that our State Executives could not always be entrusted with the appointment of a body of such far-reaching powers. Moreover, legislative interference is sometimes salutary. But the Commons plan may still be adjudged to stand out from the general wreckage of the Industrial Commission's findings, and it might be well if it induced some States to enter upon the experiment it recommends.

Cotton is holding his sceptre more steadily than he was able to do at one time. He has been immensely cheered by the announcement of Southern banks of importance that they will lend money on cotton at the rate of six or seven cents a pound, and an interest charge of only 6 per cent. a year. This announcement is made possible by the Federal reserve system. The Federal reserve banks were the first to express their intention of financing the crop, and the conditions they laid down were few and simple. They will require safe storage, a satisfactory warehouse receipt, and adequate insurance. Upon these conditions, they will advance, through their member banks, 75 per cent. of the market value of the cotton offered as collateral. Secretary McAdoo's announcement that he will place $30,000,000 in gold in the banks of the cotton belt without interest, to be used in making cotton loans, makes it possible for the reserve banks to lend through their member banks at the lowest interest rate. The result must be at once financial and psychological. Financially, as the Atlanta *Constitution* notes, the grower will be able to meet his obligations, to "take care of himself," and to hold his cotton until market conditions warrant his disposing of it. The psychological gain will be in his perception that sound financial methods avail more than spectacular ones.

A bulletin of the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics on the effects of Oregon's Minimum Wage law presents a roseate view. "The average weekly earnings of all women in the six department, dry-goods, and ten-cent stores [in Portland] increased 10 per cent., or from $7.89 to $8.68 per week." At the same time the number receiving $9.25 per week increased 130 per cent. The slight displacement of women by men does not seem chargeable to the new rulings. The question arises whether causes were not at work which would have independently caused a rise in the weekly wages of women, and whether the six stores examined are typical of employment for women. The Bureau thinks that the financial depression of 1914, with the legislation restricting hours of labor, would naturally have tended to depress wages. It also explains that the six stores were the largest available for study. It is plain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that we need reports from other fields of industry. They should not omit the effect of increased labor-cost upon selling prices.

Ex-Gov. Blease's new freedom carries us back to the state of nature in a way to make cave men gasp. It is refreshing to see how his statement that, "when mobs are no longer possible, liberty will be dead" was rebuked at the Boston conference by Southern executives. His palpable inconsistencies were nicely punctured when Gov. Goldsborough, of Maryland, rejoined that if capital punishment was wrong, capital punishment at the hands of savage lynchers was infinitely its worst form. The amazing thing is to find Blease, as a man who thinks there is no such thing as liberty within the social system and political organism, resorting not to the arguments of raw Rousseauism, but to the stock justifications of the mob against order. The courts, we hear again, cannot be relied upon to do justice; and the "unmentionable crime" deserves a more signal punishment than mere civil hanging. If there were no Southern lynchings that killed innocent men and women, or that often cheated justice within a few days of the time set for an execution, we might have less conviction that they are not merely extra-legal, but anti-legal. If it were not that less than one-third the lynchings are for the grossest of crimes, and that a full third are for minor offences or no offences at all, the latter of his excuses would be more acceptable.

The kind of "preparedness" which consists in choosing for the administration of our military and naval affairs men like John D. Long, who died Saturday, will never meet anything but the warmest commendation. In his work on "The New American Navy" the ex-Secretary describes how, with the development of the war cloud in 1898, he brought the naval service in a few months from its unready condition to comparative efficiency; and his statement that "all the money disbursed by the Department was honestly spent and every purchase made in good faith" was hardly questioned. His record would have been notable even had it not stood in refreshing contrast to the work of the War Department. Apart from his Cabinet term, which closed in a controversy over which he had no control, and which no one regretted more than he, his service in many offices marked him the rare type of the gentleman and scholar in politics. The same year—1879—which witnessed his election as Governor of Massachusetts saw his publication of a translation of the Æneid; and it is still remembered that he found fault with the message dispatching Dewey to Manila for saying that war had "commenced" rather than "begun."

In several matters the New York Constitutional Convention has temporarily "got away" from its natural leaders, only to reverse itself later. This was happily the case with the proposed amendment—first adopted, but later defeated—to make ability to read English a qualification for voting. One obvious weakness of it lay in discrimination against literacy in other languages than our own. Ability to speak English is quite different from ability to read and write it. The Federal Government's naturalization regulations regard the former, with the ability to write one's own name, as enough. Large numbers of voters might muster enough oral English to pass the naturalization examinations, and yet be far from having a literary use of the language. If it was literacy that was alone at issue, the amendments might—as in other States—have required merely a general test. If it was the wish of its sponsors to strike at manifestations of disloyalty among the foreign-born, more direct methods would have been fairer and would have avoided depriving many loyal and enlightened men of the ballot, while giving it to most of the fomenters of discord. Several States require a general literacy test, but apparently only one requires literacy in English. The country's experience with such nativistic restrictions has proved them undesirable.

The action of the United States District Attorney in dropping his inquiry into election frauds in Vermilion and Edgar Counties, Illinois, has been approved at Washington. It seems the laws of Illinois are more effective for such cases than are the Federal laws. This is also true in Indiana. But, while the Indiana officials have obtained the conviction of the Mayor of Terre Haute and the indictment of more than a hundred others, including Taggart and the Mayor and the Chief of Police of Indianapolis, the prosecuting machinery in ex-Speaker Cannon's county and its neighbor is doing nothing in the way of emulating this success. The Chicago *Daily News* makes the sarcastic suggestion that this inactivity is owing to a desire not to bring embarrassment upon "eminent and influential citizens," but expresses its preference for the Indiana method of proceeding, which pays more regard to the embarrassment of the community than to that of individuals, however eminent.

Whoever introduced modesty into politics would be overjoyed at the example of it in Massachusetts. Ex-Gov. Foss confesses that he had foreseen that if he ran for the nomination again he would be charged with caring more for his own success than for that of prohibition. But he explains that he was forced into the fight. Mr. Bird would not be persuaded to "take" the honor, and Mr. McCall refused to declare for prohibition. Even so, Mr. Foss's modesty restrained him from doing anything hastily. But the immodest Mr. Weeks, "having completed his journey across the United States as the self-appointed 'favorite son' of Massachusetts, upon his return home ordered the Republican party of Massachusetts to declare against national prohibition." The most retiring diffidence could not endure this. To be himself effaced was no sacrifice, but when "even the strictest machine-man would soon see that the Republican party in Massachusetts needs me more than I need it," hesitation would have been treason. Foss has "salvaged from the wreck the party's only hope for victory." The sole remaining detail is to make the party see it.

The practical outline which Chancellor Jordan has been giving of the requirements of a college president chiefly defines what he must not be, and will delight those who have a cynical conception of his office. Three centuries ago Thomas Fuller discovered the foremost defects of the schoolmaster in his tendency to be a master to the children and a slave to their parents, and in his scorning to touch the school but by the proxy of the ushers. Chancellor Jordan hints at the president's respect for his peers in saying that he must not tell all that he knows about those around him. As for actual contact with the college, "he must not do anything he can hire some one else to do." Happily, these requirements permit of such broad interpretations that they do not carry the condemnation of Fuller's picture. And the practicality that is the essence of Dr. Jordan's definition is not marred when he says that a president must be a scholar to the extent of knowing truth from untruth. Every State university head extorting his millions from a Legislature, every head of an endowed college organizing his schools and courses up to the public demand of the moment, knows that this does not necessarily refer to philology and science. It may have reference to the pragmatic field where hypotheses are useful because they are true, and truth is what is useful.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GAMBLE ON INDEMNITIES.

A few days ago, I met G——, the American, just back from Berlin. He is a good friend of ours, and he understands his Germany pretty well. His view was quite simple. "Stick to it, keep your teeth in, and don't worry. You have only to make Germany pay her own costs and you will win this war. The German people will settle with their Hohenzollerns and Bethmann-Hollwegs and von Bülows." G—— means that the whole thing is now a gamble on indemnities, and that if they fail, as they will, there will be a wholesale crash in Germany.

The above is from an article in the *Westminster Gazette*, over the signature "S"—undoubtedly the editor, Mr. Spender. We print it only for what it is worth. The main fact involved, however, is beyond question. Germany is counting upon a huge war indemnity partially to make good her immense financial losses.

On this point there was a remarkably plain-spoken utterance some days ago in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. It did not attempt to conceal the severe industrial and commercial dislocation which the war had brought upon Germany. And the strain upon the Empire's finances it admitted to be very great. England's financial plight it believed to be worse, and that of France and Russia about as bad; but it argued that neither of those nations could cherish the hope which Germany has of helping to right matters by means of an indemnity. This idea has evidently been sedulously put about in Germany. "We are compelled to make heavy financial sacrifices, but keep on bravely: our enemies will have to pay a good part of the bill."

The matter recently received an official status from the German Minister of Finance. In his address to the Reichstag, at the time of calling for a new war loan of $2,500,000,000—making a total war expenditure of $7,500,000,000—Herr Helfferich spoke of the "gigantic burden of war" which had been laid upon the Empire. But he declared that Germany's "economic future" would be freed from this burden, since "the thousands of millions will be borne through decades by the instigators of the war, and not by us." Whatever view we may take of this, it is clearly put forward as a Government programme. The design may be to brace the German people to further sacrifices by holding out hopes that the authorities themselves know cannot be realized; but, in any case, there the thing stands. The cost of the war is frightful, but we shall make the Allies pay it all.

That there are those in Germany who regard this as illusory is made evident by the fact that financial writers are being called upon to show that the Government is not dreaming. One of these, Herr Bernhard, addresses himself in the *Vossische Zeitung* to the "pessimists" who doubt that the Allies can be made to pay the war-bills of Germany, Austria, and Turkey. He maintains that the plan of Minister Helfferich is not so absurd as it sounds. For Germany holds large strips of conquered territory, both East and West. If these lands are returned to their former owners, "they must pay the price fixed by the victors." If they are retained, they will increase the national wealth and the "actual amount of tax receipts." This is a pretty picture—laying heavy taxes on prostrate Belgium and ravaged Poland! And we see at once how the two ideas of annexation and indemnity come into collision. Both have been dangled before the German people. But now it appears that they must give up one or the other. It might be a sop to the annexationists if the Empire could be paid seven or eight billions not to annex. Yet any such sum, sensible people in Germany must know, could never be exacted from the Allies until they had been absolutely crushed. But if nations have fought to their last man and their last dollar, where are they going to find the billions of indemnity-money wherewith to purchase the right to drag out a contemptible existence?

All this talk of indemnity is purely speculative as yet. If the German Government and the German people are going ahead upon the strength of it, then they are truly acting in the spirit of gamblers. The basis of fact for any solid hope of the kind which the Finance Minister expressed, cannot at present be found. What may appear later, no cautious man will predict; but at present no cautious man will pretend that there is any certainty at all that Germany will be able to exact any indemnity at all. Discussion of it is only part of the continued cropping out of hints and rumors of peace in Germany. Nowhere else are they heard. It is triumphant Germany who alone appears anxious for peace. The significance of this is not lost upon the rest of the world. The stories of an impending financial crash in Germany, with warnings of national bankruptcy, are no doubt put in sensational garb on their way through Amsterdam. But that there is enormous pressure upon the Government to find a way to end the war satisfactorily, there can be no manner of doubt. A part of the apprehension grows out of the heightening strain upon the national finances. Hence the prediction of a war indemnity, to make all good. But this, we repeat, is a sheer gamble.

THE CONQUEST OF POLAND.

Brest-Litovsk is Brest in Lithuania. The fortress was part of the system of the Polish defences, but it lies across the River Bug in Russian, as distinguished from Polish, territory. Except for isolated positions on the Niemen and west of the river, like Grodno, all of the nine provinces of Poland are in the hands of the enemy. In addition, the greater part of the provinces of Courland and Kovno have been overrun, and the Austro-German armies are now pressing forward into the provinces of Volhynia and Grodno. Only along a narrow slip of Galicia east of the Zlota Lipa River do Russian armies stand on foreign soil, and their retirement in this quarter is apparently a matter of days. In just four months the Russian armies have been driven from the crests of the Carpathians and the East Prussian frontier close to the borders of old Russia, before the second partition of Poland in 1793. This has been accomplished in a campaign which, for sweep of operations, the armies engaged, and the sustained energy of the offensive, has no parallel in military history.

The middle of last April witnessed the climax of the Russian effort. In Poland proper at that time there had been a virtual deadlock for nearly two months. The battle-line ran close to the Prussian frontier in the Niemen region, swung further into Polish territory north of the Vistula, crossed that river at the confluence of the Bzura, followed that stream, the Rawka, the Pilica, the Nida, and the Dunajec, in a straight line down to the Carpathians. Here the deadlock ceased. In the mountains the fighting was continuous during the early spring. The northern passes were mastered by the Russians, who penetrated, at one point, twenty miles into Hungary. The centre of the fighting was around Uzsok Pass. With that in Russian hands, the invasion of Hungary on a broad front could be accomplished. Around Uzsok, therefore, the Austrian forces with the German armies sent to their aid, made their great defence, and in the third week of April Vienna was reporting that the Russian attack had been broken.

The Austro-Germans passed immediately to the offensive, but not at the expected point around Uzsok. Instead they hit out along what may be considered the centre of the entire line from the Baltic to the Pruth, namely, on the Dunajec front to the east of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cracow. The attack began with an annihilating bombardment of the Russian positions around Tarnow and Gorlice in the last two days of April. It was a demonstration on an enormous scale of the new tactics of artillery concentration which the British had practiced at Neuve Chapelle. There followed, on May 1, the assault in "phalanx," which was to show that trench warfare had not reduced military operations to deadlock. The Russian line was broken, the Czar's Carpathian armies were taken in flank and rear, with a huge harvest of prisoners, and there began that great retreat which has not yet come to an end. The extraordinary German talent for system has never appeared to better advantage than in the perfect synchronization of the advance of so many great armies on so huge a front.

The routes traversed by the three main divisions of the Teutonic forces referred to in the Berlin dispatches as "army groups" may be briefly described. The southern or von Mackensen group, now comprising all of the Austrians and the Germans under von Linsingen, have advanced in the course of four months a distance of about 220 miles as measured straight across the map, from the Dunajec and the Carpathians to beyond the Bug. They marched east through Galicia to the San, and pivoted north on the left wing until Lemberg was retaken on June 22. Then the advance was almost due north by way of Lublin towards Brest-Litovsk. It has been the slowest group of the three, its average daily progress being less than two miles. This was due to the fact that they had opposed to them the best of the Russian armies, while on the other hand their own efficiency was probably reduced from the average German level by the presence of the Austrians. Temporary setbacks, such as von Mackensen's armies encountered at the Dniester and around Lublin, were not experienced by the purely German armies to the north.

The German attack from the north by the von Hindenburg group did not begin till late in June, although subsidiary operations against Libau and Courland began early in May. Von Hindenburg's armies have covered the least ground of all. From around Przasnysz, which they captured July 15, to the Warsaw-Petrograd Railway, which they have just crossed, they have advanced some eighty miles, only a little faster than von Mackensen's forces. Von Hindenburg, in turn, had to deal with the chain of great fortresses along the line of the Niemen, the Bobr, and the Narew, from Kovno to Novogeorgievsk. Had he waited for the reduction of the forts in order to advance on a uniform front, his progress would have been much smaller. Instead he threw forward separate armies in the interstices between the Russian strongholds. So to-day the German front here bends and turns.

The armies of the centre, the group of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, started latest of all. These were the forces which for half a year had lain quiet along the Bzura and the Rawka. When the wings of the Russian army had been driven back, the German centre moved. It has travelled with astonishing rapidity. From Warsaw, which fell on August 5, to Kamienetz Litovsk, where the centre armies are to-day, they have covered more than 150 miles in three weeks. Yet the several places of the army groups were so adjusted to one another that when Warsaw and Ivangorod fell and the Vistula was crossed, Gen. Hindenburg, Prince Leopold, and Gen. Mackensen touched hands for the final effort, the complete envelopment or destruction of the Czar's armies. That solid curve, like a gigantic sickle, is still sweeping east.

A NATIONAL DEFENDER FOR POLITICS ONLY.

Secretary Garrison's rebuke of Gen. Wood for inviting and allowing Mr. Roosevelt's violent harangue at the Plattsburgh camp naturally pains the Colonel. Why, he explains, he never once mentioned the President or the Administration. No, he simply attacked Mr. Wilson by covert insult, and assailed the Administration by innuendo. The fearless man! Moreover, he made his speech "outside the line of tents." This from the great hater of technicalities!

What must chiefly rankle in the Colonel's gallant breast is the official statement that he was at Plattsburgh merely as a politician, for the sake of stirring up "controversy, antagonism, and ill-feeling." Does not Secretary Garrison know that Mr. Roosevelt is one of the greatest military authorities on earth, at whose feet the bankers and merchants and city officials learning to be soldiers would be glad to sit? There is said to be in existence in New York a photograph sent to a friend here by the German Emperor. It showed Roosevelt and William at a military review; and at the bottom was written, in the Imperial hand: "Col. Roosevelt instructing the Kaiser in the art of war." Whether this tale be veracious or not, we cannot say; but everybody knows that Mr. Roosevelt would not have hesitated to instruct Cæsar, Cromwell, or Napoleon in the art of war. And to think of treating such a man, at such a crisis, as if he were a mere trouble-maker! If the Secretary of War was unaware of the Colonel's supreme military competence, he might at least have spoken of him as a sage, as a retired statesman in whom old experience had attained to something of prophetic strain. But no such roses grow over Secretary Garrison's party wall. He speaks of the ex-President as if he had become well known as merely a Shimei, promiscuously cursing all passers-by.

We are bound to add that the great majority of Americans see in Mr. Roosevelt's present activities only an attempt by him to make use of a troubled situation in order to get a party and personal advantage out of it. He is flinging himself upon the idea of a possible war, and of preparing for it, only as the most promising political issue which he can at present see. It cannot have been forgotten that he not long ago pointed to himself as the only man who could "tear to pieces" President Wilson's foreign policy. This was put in evidence at the trial of the Barnes libel suit. Since then Mr. Roosevelt has lost no occasion to seek to embarrass and discredit Mr. Wilson. In this effort he has, it is true, made only a series of blunders. He railed at the Lusitania note, before he knew what it was, and immediately thereafter ran away and kept ingloriously silent. He rushed into print about the case of the Arabic, demanding "deeds" instanter; and now has to read of the complete yielding of Germany to the American diplomatic contention, for which Roosevelt had nothing but scorn. Thus he has made a good deal of a mess of it, so far, in his endeavor to tear the President in pieces; and has the mortification of seeing the country rallying strongly to Wilson. This, however, does not obscure the animus of his bitter assaults, which is purely self-seeking and partisan. He is an improvised national defender for politics only.

That this is not an isolated judgment of Col. Roosevelt may be seen from the article by Dr. W. J. Tucker, formerly president of Dartmouth, in the last *Atlantic*. He is writing of the development of the social conscience in this country, and pays an adequate and even warm tribute to Mr. Roosevelt for what he did to rouse public attention to public wrongs. But he feels compelled to touch upon what he calls the "moral limitation" of the man, which he finds in his insatiate desire to push himself forward,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and in his monumental "egoism." Moreover, Dr. Tucker goes on:

He is the sportsman in politics. He follows the game. He plays the issue which has the immediate political effect. He has his eye constantly on his antagonists, who for the time are his "enemies." These must never be lost sight of, though principles may be retired from view.

Recent events must have confirmed the justice of this analysis, in the mind of multitudes of Americans who could not before bring themselves to believe it. But they have now sorrowfully seen the evidence. They have observed the course of a man upon whom they had heaped high their honors. In a year of great national stress, they have witnessed him restlessly scheming, not only to thwart and decry the Government of his own country, but to imperil the peace which the President and the great mass of the people have been so anxious to maintain. And all this in a desperate striving to score a point against a party opponent, and to contrive, by any means within reach, to get himself once more at the front of the political line of battle. This is the pity, this the shame, of Mr. Roosevelt's conduct. Fortunately, it stands so plainly revealed to the gaze of his countrymen that his power to do mischief, except to his own reputation, is rapidly being reduced to the vanishing point.

"LET US NOW BELITTLE GREAT MEN."

Thus should the quotation be modified for the warring nations. Each is discovering that its antagonists, despite strange traditions to the contrary, have always been barren of geniuses. Some might expect Germany, nursing her own culture and hatreds, to traduce the foreign great more vehemently than the Allies, who insist upon their liberalism; some might expect the insular British or impulsive French to be more extreme. But when we see the same astigmatism in all, the motive apparent is each nation's consciousness of the necessity of blackening its opponent in order to fight with a good heart. It is not possible for a German lover of British literature, or a Russian admirer of German scientists, to smite with the zest of one who despises the smitten; and the very grotesqueness of many of the slanders makes it incredible that they are believed in except as moral narcotics. Others are evidence of the purest spleen.

Where contemporaries are concerned, and no generalizations made, the evil is at a minimum. Little harm is done when the Germans state that D'Annunzio is a monkey, and Henry James a literary cuttlefish discharging his ink-pot, or when the French declare that Haeckel and Ostwald have no backs to their heads and cannot help betraying the fact. It is when the cudgels are laid about in those literary arcana supposed to house the securely great, and the moral is drawn that the entire history of a nation shows it decadent, that rancor becomes dangerous. Prof. A. H. Sayce, of Oxford, for example, has recently informed readers of the London *Times* that Schiller, "the most German of German writers," was "only a milk-and-water Longfellow"; that Heine was a Jew, and "regarded the Germans as barbarians"; that Kant was more than half Scotch, and that "it is difficult to say what the Hegelian philosophy would have been had the German language been more cultivated."

The Teutons, to be sure, wandered earliest and most blindly along this path; it was they who instituted *Völkerpsychologie*, by which historians, geographers, and ethnographists explained the superiority of the Teutonic race over all others, and by which Mommsen, brushing aside Shakespeare and Dante, wrote fifty years ago that "the Greeks and the Germans alone possess a fountain of song that wells up spontaneously; from the golden vase of the muses only a few drops have fallen on the soil of Italy." Treitschke, with an indulgent liking for Molière and Mirabeau, found abundant opportunity to jeer at the great of the nation where all were "Baconians, shallow utilitarians, narrow and selfish islanders, hypocrites with the Bible in one hand and a pipe of opium in the other." But no nation has failed to pay some heed to the voice of mingled national arrogance and international jealousy, as we can see by going back to our own relations with England a century ago.

It is even pretended that there may be a benefit in these campaigns of belittlement, as being declarations of the cultural independence of a nation. When a Russian gravely writes that the Germans have produced not a single great sculptor, and have only borrowed foreign architecture and spoiled it, the Russian builder—unless he is provoked to laughter—will take courage to employ his own styles. When an Englishman declares that Bach and Mozart are the sole warrant for Germany's claim to musical greatness, and that "it is agreed that the Germans are now surpassed in music by other nations," it is thought that the way is paved to a national school of composers. Fetiches alone have stood in the way of self-expression. But it is clear that the highest intellectual declaration of independence can be built only on full knowledge and correlation of what intellectual leaders in other lands have accomplished. The liberal spirit behind a full recognition of other intellectual lights is in itself a prerequisite. The true leader of an independent movement could hardly be blind to fundamental interdependences. Emerson's "American Scholar" was the product of the same period as the "English Traits," which has a noble enthusiasm for the geniuses dead and living to whom we were then in leading-strings; and it would be hard to point to men of more broad and humanistic feelings than Herder, Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller, who gave Germany her first full mental independence.

The violence of this genius-baiting is a token of its brief life and of the special purpose for which it is employed. The contradictions are too palpable. In conflict the French must realize they are using German drill tactics, and the Germans that their wireless is Italian, their Dreadnoughts English, their aeroplanes, automobiles, and submarines perfected chiefly by the French. It is impossible to vilify Goethe without vilifying Carlyle, or to minimize Curie without minimizing Hertz. In the first reaction following the end of the struggle, it is easy to believe that the nations which are on record with the fewest utterances of such a tenor will be glad to call attention to their comparative generosity.

SHOULD ONE LOVE AUNT SARAH?

This question, which millions of little boys and girls have puzzled over, and frequently decided in the negative, is raised to the dimensions of a social problem by a writer in the *Atlantic*. It is one phase of the broader problem of the relations between the younger and older generation. For the latter our author has very little use, though, without mentioning the fact, he probably recognizes that the older generation does serve a purpose in propagating the younger. Otherwise the seniors are a nuisance. Here is one count in the long indictment:

The great complaint of the younger against the older generation has to do with the rigidity of the social relationships into which the younger find themselves born. The world seems to be full of what may be called canalized emotions. One is "supposed" to love one's aunt or one's grandfather in a certain definite way, at the risk of being "unnatural." One gets almost a sense of the quantitative measurement of emotion. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is those dry channels of duty and obligation through which no living waters of emotion flow that it is the ideal of the younger generation to break up. They will have no network of emotional canals which are not brimming, no duties which are not equally loves.

Loving Aunt Sarah, in other words, should be like the resistless march of the tides, and not like the Gowanus Canal. Solicitous inquiry after Aunt Sarah's rheumatism should be dictated by M. Bergson's vital urge, and not by a stupid sense of duty.

Canalization is vexation. Aunt Sarah is only one example of our thoroughly canalized society in which love, duty, loyalty are made to flow through sharply defined channels. Radical youth is fond of its own vocabulary, which changes with the seasons. It works its pet words hard. Until very recently, for example, life in the progressive vocabulary was usually described as "reaction." You reacted to the social impulse, you reacted to a sunset, to Caruso, to an endive salad. Reaction is now making way for canalization. One imagines the fashion began a year ago with the outbreak of the war when military writers spoke of the fortresses on the French frontier as intended to canalize the flow of German invasion. The word caught on. Where formerly to be only moderately forward-looking was to be stagnant, to-day it is to be canalized. There is something impressive about stagnancy. There is no excuse for a sluggish, humdrum flow between definite containing banks. Yet canalization is a good word, and there would be no reason to complain, if the very fondness of the young for pat phrases were not itself an index of the irresistible human tendency to canalize. The radical indictment against society tends to the same painful sameness as the society which it criticises.

The fact is, of course, that canals are a very useful invention. Marshes have been drained and made fit for human cultivation by canals. Life in New Jersey will be made really worth living when enough ditches have been built to wash out the mosquitoes. The great upheaval of the tides is not enough. The tide pours in and leaves pools behind for the enemy of mankind to breed in, whereas a scientifically planned system of canals permits the tide to pour in and out again, carrying with it one of the most pervading of contemporary anti-social elements. It is the same with the dry lands of the West. Up in the hills lie the brimming reservoirs of saving water. They can work only through the irrigation canals. Sometimes the ditches are permitted to brim over. Sometimes a mere trickle is enough for the great purpose which is to render the desert fruitful. A young person who acted only when the emotion seized upon him would be an unsafe gate-keeper at the Roosevelt dam. In itself there is nothing immoral, nothing essentially anti-social, about a network of canals.

It is the same with Aunt Sarah. In the course of evolution it has been found more useful for the race that it should love its aunts rather than hate them; though it is, of course, a matter of degree. People perhaps began by loving their children, their parents, their brothers and sisters, and gradually extended the internal waterways of their affection so as to include aunts and grandmothers. It is true that in the course of evolution a function or an organ may outgrow its usefulness for the race. It may be no longer necessary to love our aunts. It may not be necessary, for that matter, to love our mothers and offspring. Love spontaneously pouring itself out on any one is undoubtedly the ideal. But the human habit of canalizing affections is still very strong. One may not feel the obligation to love one's aunt, but then it is very likely that you will love the member of your trade-union. Free yourself from the sense of compulsion to love your mother and there will still exist the obligation to love your fellow-members in the Fifteenth Assembly District Local of the Socialist Party. Or is there to be no obligation there, either? It may be. Only one imagines it will be rather hard to keep intact the organization of trade-unions and party locals if the members feel at liberty to dislike one another. A certain amount of canalization is necessary.

The final question remains whether the "notorious Victorian era" of which our writer speaks was really as completely canalized as he supposes. One imagines that the Victorians recognized the existence of tidal waves and recessions, and allowed for them. Not to love Aunt Sarah may have been described as "unnatural," but the Victorians knew that it was very natural for little boys and girls to be unnatural in that way. When Aunt Sarah sent down big Christmas boxes, when she organized picnics in the grove with many sandwiches thickly buttered, when she told stories at bed-time, we loved her. When she insisted on a very thorough washing behind the ears, when she put prying questions about school, we were unnatural, and she grimly acknowledged the situation; perhaps not so grimly after all. The Victorians said "unnatural" as the young generation now says "canalized"; because it was the fashion. They had no illusions as to the real status of aunts. Does the writer in the *Atlantic* recall what one Victorian wrote of aunts?

Oh, that the gracious powers would send me an old aunt, a maiden aunt, an aunt with a lozenge on her carriage and a front of light coffee-colored hair. How my Julia and I would make her comfortable!

This has a fairly uncanalized ring; it sounds almost modern.

Foreign Correspondence

THE FATE OF WATERING-PLACES—THE CASE OF THE ISLE OF MAN—SPAS FOR WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

LONDON, August 10.

The scriptural prediction that, in times of national turmoil, "the one shall be taken and the other left" applies in these days not only to persons, but to places. Within the United Kingdom the effects of the war have been felt with marked inequality in various towns and districts. To some it has brought, for the time at least, exceptional prosperity, while others have been suddenly reduced almost to privation. During the present holiday season, the experience of the best-known pleasure and health resorts has provided many examples of this diversity.

One of the worst sufferers has been the Isle of Man. Normally, the island derives its main livelihood from its visitors. With a population of 50,000, half of them resident in the town of Douglas, it is accustomed to welcome every summer a quarter of a million outsiders. This year the number of its friendly invaders has dropped to zero. Douglas is a desert, and its magnificent promenade, with two and a half miles of boarding-houses, is as bare as in December. There are no boats running regularly to and from the mainland, the steamers of the Isle of Man Packet Company having been commandeered by the Admiralty. The occasional activity of German submarines in the adjacent waters would in itself have been sufficient to discourage holiday travel.

A public-spirited Wesleyan Methodist minister, the Rev. C. Copeland Smith, has been making an effort to meet the emergency. He was himself once employed in a Leicester hosiery factory, and he has been using his special knowledge of the business to introduce the manufacture of hosiery as a local industry. He has obtained a War Office contract for a quarter of a million socks, and is organizing the supplying of private purchasers as well. Mr. Smith is also attempting to revive an old Manx industry which in recent times has become almost obsolete—the fate of traditional occupations in so many other pleasure resorts—because the catering for visitors has been found to pay better. In the days when every Manxman was a fisherman, every Manx woman used to spin and weave wool and make garments. An association has now been formed to obtain an adequate supply of yarn, and to give the technical training necessary for the restoration of this ancient handicraft.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The watering-places along the East Coast of England, from Whitby to Margate, have become victims of the war, though for a different reason. Stories of bombardment and air raids, some of them authentic and others greatly exaggerated by rumor, have scared away prospective visitors, especially those with families. In some parts the billeting of soldiers has brought a certain financial compensation, but in many previously popular resorts there are so many vacant rooms just now that a holiday-maker bold enough to make the venture could obtain accommodation at unprecedentedly cheap rates. There are even instances in which entire households of all-the-year-round residents have migrated to places supposed to be safer from hostile attack. In a minor degree, seaside resorts far removed from the danger zone, but at a distance from London and other centres of population, are suffering loss of custom.

This loss to the more distant places has brought corresponding gain to those near London. Visitors who would otherwise have spent their vacations in Wales or Devon or Cornwall are taking shorter journeys to the seaside towns of Hants and Sussex. Such places as Brighton and Eastbourne are reported as over-full. During the week-end of the August Bank Holiday the trouble in these towns was not from slackness, but from congestion.

An especially interesting feature of war conditions has been the revival of the prosperity of the English spas. This has been brought about by two distinct causes. In the first place, the usual contingent of British visitors to the spas of Germany and Austria has been compelled to stay at home. Of recent years it has been the fashion not only for invalids, but for overworked professional and business men, to "take the waters" at Homburg or Carlsbad. It will be remembered that, when the war broke out last August, many hundreds of such persons were held up in German or Austrian territory, while others endured no little hardship and privation in the rush homeward. Had the outbreak of war been delayed by two or three weeks, four or five times as many would have found themselves in a sorry plight. In so far as these British frequenters of foreign baths were *malades imaginaires*, the real ills and excitements of the war have by this time cured their megrims and released them from the care of the doctors. But those for whom medical treatment is still a necessity are this August obtaining what they want without crossing the Channel. They are discovering that within their native country there are waters quite as beneficial as any in Germany and Austria, with appliances as scientific and an environment as attractive.

The English spas are prospering, in the second place, because of their proved value for disabled soldiers. In thousands of cases, after the resources of surgical and hospital treatment have been fully utilized, there remains an urgent need for the very services that these spas can efficiently render. Not only the wounded, but sufferers from neuritis, rheumatism, shock, and disorders of circulation need just such a "cure" before their recovery can be complete. During last winter this matter engaged the attention of the section of Balneology in the Royal Society of Medicine. Early in the year there was formed a committee on which the War Office was represented, and local committees to work in coöperation with it were set up at the various resorts. Information was collected, and the War Office circulated among the military hospitals a pamphlet giving particulars of the conditions for which waters and baths were appropriate, together with a schedule of places and treatments offered. An organized system is now in operation for enabling these facilities to be put to the best possible use.

Foremost among English spas is the historic city of Bath. It is now reverting to one of its most ancient functions, for it served precisely the same purpose in the days of the Roman occupation of Britain. During the Roman period certain health resorts in various parts of Europe obtained considerable celebrity as "soldiers' spas," for it was found that bathing in their waters allayed the pain of wounds, promoted healing, and restored the use of stiff and swollen limbs. In an atlas of ancient history one may find such place-names as Aquæ Aureliæ (Baden-Baden), Aquæ Mattiacæ (Wiesbaden), and Aquæ Sextiæ (Aix). Bath itself figures in the map of Britain under the Romans as Aquæ Solis. Its waters not only helped to restore the Roman legionaries, but, many centuries later, brought healing to the soldiers of Marlborough and Wellington. Fortunately, Bath is well prepared to play her present part, inasmuch as the curative properties of her waters had been receiving special attention for some years before the war. In 1912 an analysis by Sir William Ramsay, revealing the exact proportion of radium in these waters, provided a new basis for clinical investigation, and suggested new methods for their use. Since then important research work has been carried on in connection with the Royal Mineral Water Hospital, whose new laboratory for studying the pathology of rheumatoid arthritis was opened by Sir William Osler in June of last year. The reports of the opening ceremony described how those who took part "made a tour of the wonderful Roman baths, among the colonnades of which and into their green depths luxurious sunlight poured." It is Aquæ Solis still.

Part of the "cure" of Bath lies doubtless in its delightful natural surroundings, including the neighboring hills, with their exhilarating air. The same health-giving properties are possessed by the environment of the other English spas, all of which are now making their contribution to the recovery of men wounded and shaken in the war. Among them are Cheltenham, rich in its magnesia and alkaline waters, and protected by the Cotswolds from the biting east winds; Buxton, another health resort of Roman soldiers; and Harrogate, whose sulphur springs are world-famous. Across the Welsh border is Llandrindod Wells, a spa in the making, with springs that show a remarkable variety of medicinal constituents and with a bracing climate well fitted to provide the final stage in a therapeutic treatment that has begun further south. The conditions of the war have made themselves felt not only in an increased recourse to the baths and drinking-places themselves, but in a greater demand for the spring waters for use elsewhere. At St. Ann's Well, at Buxton, for instance, the bottling staff has been more than doubled since the war began. It need scarcely be added that, in the spirit of willing service that is a characteristic of all England to-day, the invaluable resources of these spas are being placed at the disposal of wounded soldiers with eager generosity. Properly accredited members of the fighting forces may have access not only to the waters, but to courses of treatment, either without payment or at greatly reduced charges. Not less readily than the dockyards and the munition factories, the pump-rooms and wells are "doing their bit." H. W. H.

SPIRITS OF WAR AND PEACE—SOLDIERS ON LEAVE OF ABSENCE—THE APPEAL TO FRENCH WOMEN—PAUL SABATIER.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, August 14.

Madame de Witt-Schlumberger, the names of whose mother and grandfather, the historian Guizot, were household words in the America of my childhood, writes me a few simple lines which I may publish without indiscretion. For it is essential that, in the United States, those who love Peace should not love it at the price of all that makes life worth living. At the same time, as President of the French Union for Women's Suffrage, Madame de Witt-Schlumberger sends the "Appeal to French Women," of which 55,000 copies have been distributed on every side. She also encloses the French text of the letter which M. Paul Sabatier, with whom she is in correspondence, published at the end of last year in London on this question of peace—a letter to which he still adheres. Madame de Witt-Schlumberger says in her own name (August 9):

"It is because I am an ardent Pacifist that I do not believe in any possibility of peace at present; the conquering Militarist spirit—which *must* disappear—is still too much alive. And yet—my five sons and my son-in-law have been called into active army service; one is a prisoner, another is dead, and the four others are at the front."

The "Appeal" has its occasion in the permissions to visit their families which are now being given, by relays, to soldiers absent at the front for many months, some of them from the beginning of the war a year ago:

"French Women—A certain number of permissions are to be granted gradually to soldiers of the front, in so far as the necessities of National Defence will allow: some among us are going to have with us again for a few days husband or son, *fiancé* or brother!

. . .

"French Women, all we who are sisters in the love of our country and in our duties toward the National Defence, let us not forget that we are going to be put to a hard test; think how the whole world will be able to judge the quality of our soul and the worth of the spirit which animates us; it will know by the way we welcome back our soldiers, and most of all by the way we let them depart once more, whether we are women worthy of France, or whether we are only poor loving creatures, mothers unworthy to be the mothers of French soldiers, sisters without courage, and betrothed ones without moral worth. . . .

"Surely, we have no reason to doubt the good result of this experiment of visits to families: the attitude of French women, from the beginning of the war, their courage and devotedness, are a sure guarantee of the firmness with which they will know how to face this new responsibility.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Soldiers come to us from the front, full of courage and life, as we know by the wounded we care for and the letters we receive. Shall we send them back, at the end of their few days, strengthened by the tenderness of which they have been so long deprived, or shall we weaken them by our tears and regrets? . . .

"Remember that we have not the right to be weak, and that the tenderness which enlivens proves a greater love than the tenderness which softens. Our soldiers will not be deceived.

"Any woman who, at the present hour, weakens in a man his sense of duty towards our country would be a criminal. When the fight is on, not for our country alone, but for the principle of right and justice in the world, duty should be accepted, not as a heavy burden, but as an honor and a joy.

"French Women, my sisters, we shall be able to wait with patience and without repining for the day so longed for when we shall be together again with our own; we shall be able to understand that our most lawful desires must be subordinated to the needs of the National Defence; we shall know how to take on ourselves all our responsibilities. We shall be worthy of the imperious and higher duty that is incumbent on us."

The experiment of allowing soldiers who have suffered hardship for so many months to come back for a few days to the atmosphere of love and home is succeeding—in a way of which few Americans would dream. But it must have been intended all along by Gen. Joffre, who knows his people. It is in line with the now historic cartoon of the artist Forain, by which he expressed in the first months of war the real point of gravity. One soldier is saying to another: "Provided only they hold out!" "Who holds out?" asks the other. "Why, the civilians, of course!" So, among the recent *permissionnaires*, an intelligent, uneducated Parisian—a graduate of the great university of Paris streets—confided to me an effort at expression: "Notre moral est beaucoup meilleur!" By which he meant, not that soldiers' morals are superior to civilians'—though that, too, may be defended—but that it is those who are bearing the heat of the day and the brunt of danger who have the most enduring courage and confidence in the end. Their visits home have notably toned up the spirit of the French civilian population.

This renders the words of Paul Sabatier still timely, and indeed he persists in uttering them: "A Frenchman cannot, here and now, pronounce the word of peace. It would be something resembling treason. . . . We are battling for ourselves, no doubt, but we are also fighting for all peoples. The idea of stopping before reaching the end cannot come to our minds—and we have trouble in understanding how it can come to the minds of lookers-on. We are grateful for their good intentions, but we are somewhat disconcerted to think they are more preoccupied with our physical life than with our moral life.

"Our soldiers are martyrs, since they bear testimony to a new truth. Their defeat would be, for Europe, the triumph of brute force relying on two spiritual forces which it has mobilized—science and religion. Before we can allow that, it is our 'duty' to struggle without even thinking what may happen from it. And if our soldiers die to the last, those who have not yet taken up arms will struggle on to the last cartridge, to the last stone of our mountains which we may be able to throw against a 'Kultur' that is nought but adoration of the sword and the golden calf. . . .

"Justice comes first and peace afterwards—there is no true and enduring peace that is not founded on justice. . . .

"This is what our soldiers—I see it in their letters—this is what our peasants—I hear it in their conversations—feel and understand better than I can express. What the France of the Crusades was stammering, what the Revolution saw by glimpses, France of to-day wishes to realize. She believes with all her strength in victory, because she has an indomitable faith in the ideal of justice and truth which she carries in her heart. But she has no need to believe in victory in order to fight, for to give up the struggle would be to betray her past and her ideal—her 'vocation.' And if she should die at the task, what matters it—if she has done 'her' work!

"Vive l'Italie! [M. Sabatier was writing to his friends of Assisi.] And may 1915 secure to the eldest of Latin nations the material and spiritual victories which shall give health to the geography of Europe and settle civilization on new foundations!"

I am not presumptuous enough to restore to their authors' English the numerous testimonials which American professors have spontaneously sent to Ernest Lavisse, the man who more than any other represents the University of France. He has published them in French, for common edification. Besides sympathy, and the feeling that "Germany has made herself guilty of the greatest crime of history," they all manifest the sense of duty—"to bring all our energies to bear on the establishment of international justice and loyalty." One who says "We can do nothing but remain neutral," confesses "We know that, at this very moment, you are combating for us."

Professor Lavisse is impressed by one of these Americans, who says openly that Germany has been "possessed by a depraved national philosophy," and the Frenchman, who, beyond contradiction, loved peace with Germany until it became impossible, adds mournfully:

"The day when so many German *intellectuels* made public declaration of their love for Prussian militarism, the inspirer and support of this philosophy of crazy pride, German intelligence indeed lost its right to a 'respectful hearing.' The day is near when other intelligences—for happily there are others—shall reproach it with having given consent and love to 'the greatest crime of history.' Freed from excessive admiration for Germany, they shall labor, each according to its own genius, in that fruitful and harmonious diversity which is the glory and the beauty of the human spirit. All shall labor, stirred and moved as they are by so great a drama, by so many horrors and ruins and sufferings. And those will work best who shall have suffered most cruelly, among whom ruins venerated as very holy relics shall protest against the enormity of the German crime. And I hold it for the most certain thing in the world that, amid this competition of free genius, humanity will honor with particular esteem the intellectual life of France—for the reason that, if there is one soul which, feature by feature, is opposed in absolute contrast to the German soul, it is ours."

Pan-Americanism

OUR INTERNATIONAL DEMOCRACY, THEN AND NOW: THE LESSON FOR THE PRESENT REVEALED IN THE PAST.

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

When Mr. Theodoric Bland, one of three United States Commissioners, called upon the Dictator of Chili a little less than a century ago, he had occasion to refer to an international situation with which we are rather painfully familiar to-day.

Mr. Bland took great care to remind his host that "while the contending and warring monarchs of Europe, pursuing a policy peculiarly their own, and with which the United States is fortunately not entangled, had closed every channel of commerce against each other, the peaceful republic [the United States] became the same carrier to them all."* In other words, he made it very plain that Chili, which at that time could boast of no merchant marine, should consider herself distinctly blessed in having the neutral United States as a cordial neighbor.

But as Mr. Bland was far more than a mere agent for American shipping, he hastened to add that the United States, having once been colonies themselves, "could not but feel a very strong sympathy in favor of the people of South America, who, they were induced to believe, were not only struggling to throw off an odious colonial system, but also to establish for themselves republican institutions."†

The Commission of which Mr. Bland was a member was sent by the President in 1817 merely to investigate the local South American conditions and advise the State Department whether the time seemed to have come for recognizing the independence of the Spanish colonies. But the important point for our purposes is that, after coming in contact with South American statesmen, these Commissioners urged far more than they were expected to urge. They urged, not in their official reports, it is true, but in familiar letters, the actual establishment of an American "system," a sort of experiment in international democracy among states unfettered by monarchical interests.

One member of the expedition, for example, writes home from Buenos Ayres, March 11, 1818: "The period, I hope, has arrived in which we shall cease to be deluded. It is high time for us to regard with the deepest interest, the situation of our brethren to the South. Our political salvation is intimately blended with theirs. The monarchs of the Old World have formed what they impiously term a holy league, for the purpose of patching up, and preserving the ancient system. . . . The free governments of the New World are the subjects of their deadliest hatred. These ought also to unite in defence of everything sacred. Such, I hope, will

*American State Papers, Foreign Relations, Vol. IV, p. 293.

†*Ibid.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be the views which our Government will now take."*

This letter would be noteworthy if only as one of the earliest clear expressions of Pan-Americanism. But when we remember that it was written over five years before the issuance of the Monroe Doctrine, and was inspired by association with South Americans, it assumes a distinctly modern as well as historic value. For we are all too prone to praise the part of England in Monroeism, and to forget the pressure exerted at a much earlier period by the South Americans themselves. During the entire stay of the Commissioners in South America, no opportunity apparently was overlooked to fill their minds with Pan-American doctrine.

To mention but two of these occasions, a certain soldier in Buenos Ayres was condemned to be shot for insubordination. Our Commissioners as a special favor requested the man's life, which the supreme director at once granted. A local newspaper, commenting on the affair, declared with reasonable pride that "such is the early influence in the cause of humanity of an union between the two great parties of the new world."† And, again, on the occasion of the recognition of Chilian independence by the Argentine Government, the *Gazette Extraordinary* of Buenos Ayres published the grateful letter of the Chilian envoy, in which he said: "Whoever has observed the spirit of this people . . . cannot doubt that Chili, no longer the patrimony of an imbecile and tyrannical dynasty, will, henceforth, emulating her elder sister, the great republic of the north, be, also, an abode of freemen, an asylum for the oppressed of the human race. I congratulate Your Excellency upon an event, which will have so favorable an influence upon the common cause of Americans."‡

By subtle courtesies, by official and semi-official suggestion, and even by direct solicitation, the South Americans did all in their power, as they seem to be doing again to-day, to invite and obtain our generous co-operation in the establishment of a representative American system. As an instance of their direct pressure, I have been especially struck by a letter from Don Manuel Torres to our Secretary of State, then John Quincy Adams. Torres was physically a rapidly failing man. The greater part of his life had been spent as an agent of Colombia at Washington, where, despite ill health, he had worked unremittingly to effect the independence and recognition of the country he loved with a real and deep passion. His faith in the future of Colombia was inspiring to all who knew him, and he numbered among his friends many of those who were soon to shape our Latin-American policy. His official letter to Mr. Adams was written on November 30, 1821, a full two years before the Monroe Doctrine.

"All South America, formerly Spanish," he declares, "is emancipated—that is, upwards of eleven millions of souls; this has given a new importance to the new world, and now they are no more afraid of the machinations of the Holy Alliance to keep America dependent upon Europe, and to prevent the establishment of free Governments.

"There has occurred a project, long since formed, to establish a monarchy in Mexico, on purpose to favor the views of the Holy Alliance in the New World; this is a new reason which ought to determine the President of the United States no longer to delay a measure which will naturally establish an American alliance, capable of counteracting the projects of the European Powers, and of protecting our republican institutions."*

Whatever virtuous claims Mr. Canning may have made to calling the new world into existence, one is tempted to revert with distinct pleasure to the evidences that the Latin-Americans had a very considerable share in establishing their own existence, and in obtaining the famous sanction of the United States. Lafayette's opinion on this matter, it seems to me, should have a notable place among our classics. "How do you find Mr. Canning's assertion in the British Parliament," he asked Henry Clay, "that he, Mr. Canning, has called into existence the new republics of the American hemisphere, when it is known by what example, what declaration, and what feelings of jealousy the British Government has been dragged into a slow, gradual, and conditional recognition of that independence?"†

Manuel Torres, whose zeal for all-America had alone sustained his last years, lived just long enough to have the honor of being recognized by President Monroe as Chargé d'Affaires from Colombia. He died on July 15, 1822, confident, probably, that his dream of an American federation would soon be realized. The Philadelphia *Aurora* must have felt a prophetic fear when it said, the day after his death, that, "perhaps, to Colombia and the whole of Spanish America, the loss is irreparable; nor is the departure of this rarely gifted man a light consideration to those interests which naturally unite the Northern with Southern America, in that great communion of security and unity."‡

The removal of the great statesman's influence at Washington did, in fact, prove irreparable. The Monroe Doctrine, as it was finally issued the following year, would have dashed his greatest hopes. To him it would not have been a true Pan-American document. It was too avowedly inspired by the individual interests of the United States. It contained little or nothing of that democratic idealism and unselfishness which he would have liked to see; and whatever measure of protection it indicated for republican institutions, it failed to found the inter-American relations upon generous coöperation.

The Doctrine certainly aroused some sentiments of sincere gratitude among the southern republics at the time, yet it could not but help to confirm a suspicion that our policy was still directed by that same individualism which characterized the "warring and contending monarchs of Europe." We are often sincerely puzzled, I believe, at the almost endless explanations and interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine which we are forced to issue for South American edification. That is probably because we are apt to consider the suspicion of the southern republics a typically modern development. It is of no little interest, then, if only as an explanation, to discover that even before the Monroe Doctrine appeared, and despite the unmistakable Pan-American efforts of certain South Americans, their suspicion of our motives was deeply rooted.

It did not even require the tangible fact of the Philippines to engender a mistrust of our territorial interests. At times this mistrust seized upon amusingly impossible rumors, as when a prominent Argentine planter, named La Rocca, during a conversation with Mr. Brackenridge, "enquired with considerable earnestness as to the truth of a report, of our Government having endeavored to obtain a cession of territory from the King of Naples, and laid great stress on the circumstance of our having no colonies, and from the nature of our Constitution not being permitted to have any. They said it was impossible for them to repose full confidence in the friendship of nations holding colonies."*

Doubtless, this would make an excellent meditation to-day for the lovers of the Philippines. At all events, it indicates a state of mind that has had no good reason to change, and which we should at least recall when trying to conciliate South America.

At other times, the long-standing mistrust took more practical forms. Even after our recognition of Colombia, Mr. Todd, who was our Chargé d'Affaires in Bogotá, was forced to write in confidence to Henry Clay that "the hopes of the public councils are directed to Europe, and especially Great Britain, in the vain delusion, that it is by those Powers alone, their interests can be promoted."†

Two years after the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, at the opening of John Quincy Adams's Presidency, there was an exceptional opportunity to correct this vague mistrust of our Americanism. We were invited, with some natural hesitancy, our manner having been decidedly chilling in the past, to send delegates to the first Pan-American Congress, at Panama. A prompt acceptance, such as Mr. Adams desired, would have cleared the air very pleasantly. But this opportunity for genuine courtesy was lost by the Senate. The delegates were finally sent, it is true, but only after weeks of the most determined Senatorial opposition, which effectually removed from our act all semblance of good

*Printed in *Niles' Register*, August 22, 1818.
†Quoted by *Niles' Register*, July 4, 1818.
‡Quoted in *Niles' Register*, August 1, 1818.

*Am. State Papers, For. Rel., Vol. IV, p. 835.
†Private Correspondence of Henry Clay, Vol. IV, p. 154.
‡Quoted in *Niles' Register*, July 27, 1822.

*Mr. Brackenridge was Secretary to the Commission of 1817. This account was written to *Niles' Register*, and published November 14, 1818.
†Clay Correspondence, Vol. IV, p. 77, letter dated May 8, 1823.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will. In this opposition, mere political machinations in defiance of the President were supplemented by some thoroughly Old World statesmanship. In fact, the importance of the Panama Mission, as it came to be known, was actually much better understood in Europe than by us.

M. de Chateaubriand, writing in the Paris *Journal des Débats*, spoke of the mission as "the most important feature in the foreign policy of the Anglo-Americans, a resolution . . . which . . . may consolidate the liberty of a whole hemisphere. . . . It is for the eldest daughter of American liberty," he continued, "to be the guide of her younger sisters, and to gain over them the empire of persuasion and friendship; let her show herself frank, disinterested, great, and generous. The noble post of being at the head of a new world is certainly well worth the sacrifice of a few dollars in duties and a few bales of cotton."*

And Lafayette was another to see the great possibilities of coöperation between North and South. In March, 1826, he wrote to Henry Clay, expressing his great relief that the Mission had actually left for Panama. His faith in the American system was implicit. "I believe it of high moment," he said, "for the welfare of South America and Mexico, for the prospects of mankind, and for the dignity of the people of the United States, that they preserve and exert the moral influence to which they are so justly entitled."†

The truth was that, quite apart from the political opposition, the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, which reported against the Panama Mission, was dominated by a man very poorly endowed with imagination. In the words of the Boston *Courier* of the day, Mr. Macon was "a very honest man, who makes it a point of conscience never, under any circumstances, to change his opinions or the cut of his coat. . . . Mr. Macon is a complete Chinese, as to all intercourse with foreign nations."‡

Mr. Macon's Orientalism was duly echoed in all the speeches of the opposition. He and his associates, with some of that cold reserve still exhibited by our statesmen, refused to see in the full coöperation of new republican governments an act characteristically different from the entangling alliances feared by Washington. He was the first of a line of men who, by a certain ill-disguised contempt for the Latins, have given to the South Americans some reason for believing us blind to those principles which should distinguish the relations of American states as "frank, disinterested, great, and generous."

At the present moment, when, as in 1818, the "contending monarchs of Europe" have "closed every channel of commerce against each other," the Monroe Doctrine certainly seems to defend itself against the least charge of obsolescence. But do we not owe it to our own highest interests, as well as to a true sense of international democracy, to ask frankly if it can defend itself against the charge of insufficiency?

The Latin-Americans, as I have tried to show from some hitherto rather neglected material, took the initiative in the Americanism of 1818-1826, when the tangled politics of Europe threatened to spread across the Atlantic. The Latin-Americans, it seems, are still compelled to take the initiative today, during a notable repetition of history. For that reason I am forced to the conviction that a very real problem of the immediate future centres in our readiness or refusal to meet that initiative with fair recognition, and to throw aside our cloak of semi-Oriental exclusiveness. It may not prove necessary to supersede the Monroe Doctrine by a new declaration; but I think that if we are to judge honestly from the very partial success of our past policy, we shall see the necessity of securing for the Doctrine a new sanction, and in so far of rendering it the declaration of all America.

*Reprinted in Boston *Advertiser*, March 17, 1826.
†Clay Correspondence, Vol. IV, p. 140.
‡Boston *Courier*, December 21, 1826.

Miscellaneous Idling

REFLECTIONS OF OLD AGE ON LIFE AT SUMMER HOTELS.

There must be a considerable number of elderly city gentlemen of no well-defined occupation who, when summer time comes around, find themselves, like the present writer, under the painful necessity of enjoying a brief vacation in the country. Men of this class—I can vouch for it—would much prefer to remain in town and pursue undisturbed that half-busy idleness which so well agrees with their constitution, but no! an anxious relative persuades them that what they need is change, with complete rest; so they pack their trunk, with a sigh, and go to the mountains.

The region is undeniably beautiful. Its charms unfold themselves, in varying outlines, to the gazing traveller, as the automobile that awaited him at the sleepy railway station takes him swiftly to the end of his journey. Here, then, is the mighty ravine, famed in literature, scarcely five miles ahead to the east. "You know the verse about that gorge?" queries the stranger in the automobile, and I (for none other is the traveller), with a vague, youthful recollection, weakly nod assent. The frowning rocks on both sides of the road converge menacingly. "The view is shut out completely by the ravine," I remark. "Yes, but there are glorious views from the top of the rocks near by," replies the stranger, "and the trail [here he surveys me rather critically] is not difficult to follow for any one who can climb at all." I turn aside, somewhat abruptly, to gaze at the peaceful lake nestling at the foot of the mountains that close the prospect. "A charming bit of nature!" I exclaim involuntarily. "Yes, but the lake is artificial," and I listen, with becoming wonder, to the story of how it took seven years to dig the basin out of the bowels of the earth. And now the automobile curves gracefully into the *porte cochère* of the spacious hotel, and my vacation has begun in dead earnest.

Let me state emphatically that at the first glance everything about the hotel seems promising. My room is quite large enough. It commands an extensive view, and more than sufficient closet space for my modest wardrobe. The dining-room and parlors are of generous dimensions, airy and well furnished, and a hasty survey reveals a suitable writing-room, combined billiard and card rooms, and a ballroom ample enough for any one who wishes to dance. The table I find in due time to be fully as good as I expected. (No one expects city fare in country hotels.) The guests, taken *en masse*, look refined and friendly—decidedly up to the average of country hotel patrons. I meet a friend, who introduces me to his friends. They are cordial and talkative, but I am rather tired, and excuse myself and retire to my room. Am I satisfied with my first experiences? Yes; I certainly ought to be. The place is quite as attractive as it had been pictured. Besides, one ought not to judge by first impressions.

De Tocqueville says (chapter on "Public Association"): "I have always admired the extreme skill with which the inhabitants of the United States succeed in proposing a common object to the exertions of a great many men, and in getting them voluntarily to pursue it." I had a very pretty illustration of the truth of this observation next morning, immediately after breakfast, when the eager golfers of the hotel assembled on the porch, exchanging records and discussing the outlook. Amid much bustle and hilarity, two huge automobiles, packed to overflowing, took the party—men and women, arrayed and equipped as became their common object—to the golf links, two miles up the road. Though I protested that I did not play golf, I was persuaded to join the company, so that I might enjoy the view from the golf links on the very first day. "The finest view east of the Rockies," said a much-travelled and emphatic gentleman.

The view was, indeed, superb; but was it finer, or less fine, than the view from another mountain plateau, in another region, which another emphatic gentleman, three years ago, within my hearing, pronounced "the finest east of the Rockies"? Why will devotees of Nature spoil our enjoyment of her beauties by useless comparisons and deceitful superlatives?

I slowly drank in the panorama spread before me, as I sat on the porch of the clubhouse—for more than an hour, I should say. Then I strayed to what looked to me like the starting-point of the golf course (I do not know the technical name). Gradually, a few players approached the spot and prepared to start the game. I proceeded to ask one gentleman how long

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the course was, but was quickly hushed by my friend (one of the golfers), who whispered to me not to disturb the players. I will admit I was uncomfortable, and I strayed back to the porch, where I sat for another hour, and watched the players until they passed out of my sight. I really envied their zeal and skill, and yet there was something about it all that displeased me. Was it the knowledge that I had displeased *them?* What was it Disraeli said about our either excelling men in their accomplishments or despising them? What an old cynic he was! On the whole, I decided not to visit the golf links again.

After luncheon, while I was comfortably sitting in a rocking-chair, my neighbor (a gentleman of about my own age) asked me, after some preliminary remark about the weather, whether I did not find this a splendid place to rest in. I assented, and we both rested silently for some time. Then I arose and walked towards the lake. Several young persons were swimming in it, and near the further shore an elderly fisherman, standing in a boat, was casting a line for trout (I believe that is the right expression). The whole was a pretty scene. "Fine, isn't it?" exclaimed some one suddenly (not much younger than myself) who had halted in a brisk walk, just to give me a friendly greeting. "I hope you are enjoying the place. Nothing like it anywhere for variety. You will find something to do every moment of the day—climbing, golfing, fishing, automobiling, horseback-riding, tennis (for the youngsters), and plenty of other things in the day-time, and music, dancing, billiards, cards, and so on, in the evening. Are you going to stay some time?" I said I did not know exactly. I had come for rest, and did not play any game. In fact, I was not good at games, even in my younger days. But I enjoyed miscellaneous idling—even in the city. "A capital scheme!" answered my brisk acquaintance; "but I must have some exercise. Glad to have met you."

During the next few days I followed a certain régime. In the morning I walked all around the lake, a stretch of a mile and a half, and sometimes back again; then I fed the deer kept within an enclosure a short distance up the slope (the ascent is very gentle); afterwards I threw crumbs to the trout in the brook that empties into the lake (in the lake itself the fish would not nibble), and, in a general way, the forenoon passed less slowly than might be thought. But I am afraid the guests did not find me very communicative, though they certainly were polite to me, and some appeared quite willing to engage me in conversation. Directly after luncheon the mail arrived, and the reading of the papers took up an hour or more. Then I strolled once or twice around the lake, and perhaps visited the deer again, or looked in at the garage or the blacksmith's shop (where there was always something going on); and so the afternoon passed without much difficulty. But the evenings, I have to admit, dragged. Sometimes I listened to war-talk, but I refrained from taking part in it. I had promised my relative to be a neutral for two weeks. Besides, political discussion is hard work, and my injunctions were to be strictly idle. Billiard-playing (such as it is in my hands) I was allowed to do, but the table was generally preëmpted by younger men, and the only evening when I had a chance, a stream of ladies booked for the adjoining ballroom brushed past me and disturbed my aim and, I regret to say, my equanimity. I was never asked (how did they know I could not play?) to take a hand at auction bridge (or was it bridge pure and simple?). Reading, of an evening, was always rather difficult, as the light was never quite bright enough, except directly under the bracket lamps, where the same serious gentlemen (very nearly my own age) sat firmly intrenched night after night. Moreover, there was nothing to read. By supper-time I had exhausted my papers and those I casually picked up. "Summer reading" I abominate, and serious books were out of the question, in accordance with home instructions. The evenings, in fact, if the whole truth must be told, grew longer and longer (I could not easily stroll after dark, because it was damp, and the black flies were troublesome), and sometimes I went to bed earlier than is my custom. I forgot to mention that once or twice, just before supper-time, when few people were around, I played croquet with two bright boys, but they kept at some distance afterwards.

One sultry afternoon my friend pointed to one of the most persistent of the readers at the hotel, a rather oldish gentleman, who had been sitting motionless in an arm-chair on the porch for over an hour (how I envied his self-forgetful enjoyment of the book!); my friend, as I was saying, pointed to him and remarked: "Do you know that gentleman, the president of the ——— railroad? He told me a little while ago that of all the hard work he has ever done in his life the hardest is sitting in a chair with a book, and waiting for the day to wear out." "What!" I exclaimed, joyfully; "is he bored, too?" The spell was broken.

I rushed upstairs, locked the door of my room, drew the shade so as to shut out the view, turned on the light, sat down at my writing-table, and shamelessly *worked*—worked steadily for three hours, without once looking up. Never mind at what; enough, I worked.

"You look particularly well this morning," said an acquaintance next morning. "You are evidently enjoying your stay." "I am," I could now truthfully say. And I kept on enjoying it, three hours in the morning, three in the afternoon, and one in the evening, regularly, until I left.

I intend no reflection on Nature, the hotel, or the company. I was simply not attuned to miscellaneous idling in the country. The truth is, I like to see city people around me—in the city, no matter of what kind. "Die *schlechteste* Gesellschaft lässt dich fühlen, dass du ein Mensch mit Menschen bist," says wise old Goethe (the italic is mine). Not that I seek miscellaneous company by preference, but I can tolerate it—in the city. In Rome I do as the Romans do. And, by the way, speaking of Romans, we all know how Horace loved his Sabine hills, but the sly dog knew his Rome too well not to have loved the city better than his farm. And was not old Dr. Johnson—as honest a soul as ever drew breath—unhappy everywhere except in the streets of London? X. X.

Notes from the Capital

A GREAT AMERICAN CHURCHMAN.

Benedict XV, by his desire to confer the red hat upon Archbishop John Ireland, has certainly proved his courage. Again and again, under former Popes, Ireland's name has come up when a new Cardinal was to be chosen, but objections raised within the higher walks of the Church have prevailed, and the project has been dropped. The complaints against Ireland, so far as they have reached this country, have related to his advanced modernism and his independent manner of expressing himself. His critics have argued that he was overmuch identified with political and social activities unconnected with his strictly ecclesiastical duties. To his fellow Minnesotans, however, and to a multitude of Americans in all other parts of the Union, this very trait has endeared him as little else could.

The Archbishop's experiences in early life doubtless had a great deal to do with his liberality of sentiment. Born in Ireland, brought to the United States as a boy, but sent to France for his education for the priesthood, he came back to America just as our Civil War was beginning, and promptly volunteered as chaplain of an infantry regiment recruiting in St. Paul. He was known to its members simply as a pious adviser till, in the midst of a critical battle, they found themselves short of ammunition. Discerning instantly their trouble and a way to relieve it, he hastened back to the field stores, and soon brought to his comrades a load of fresh cartridges. All the rest of the day he ran hither and thither along the line, distributing these and encouraging the fighters with words of cheer. When night came, the regiment missed its chaplain from his usual place, and great distress prevailed till a searching party discovered him in a little hospital-camp which he had rigged up himself, where he was dressing the wounds of the disabled men and ministering to the spiritual comfort of the dying.

When, at last, he was stricken down with illness due to overwork and exposure, and was sent home with an honorable discharge in his pocket, nothing was too good for him in St. Paul. Not only has his influence ever since been immense among the people of his own communion, but citizens of all faiths have demanded his aid in their efforts for the moral welfare of the city and State. He is a fine speaker, with a keen sense of the dramatic, so that in the presence of a popular audience he can throw into a sentence or two, enforced by a vivid gesture, an appeal to the emotions

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which carries with him many listeners who are impervious to the more carefully prepared argument. He never loses an opportunity of stirring the patriotism of his hearers and reaffirming his own devotion to the American ideals of free government. As a loyal Catholic and a firm believer in the importance of giving children a religious training in connection with their secular instruction, he has always wished that, as matters stand now, all Catholic children could be taught in parochial schools. But this interest has never lured him into hostility to our common-school system; and it is well remembered how, in the midst of a public address delivered while the school controversy was at its height in Minnesota, he suddenly exclaimed, with a fervor which thrilled the entire assemblage of two thousand men and women: "The free school of America: withered be the hand raised in sign of its destruction!"

Equally effective was his admonition to the Christian people of this country to "go forward, bearing in one hand the Bible, and in the other the Constitution of the United States!" So fierce is his condemnation of the liquor traffic that he has sometimes been styled "the Father Matthew of the Northwest," and he has even been known to refuse confession to dramsellers on the ground that they are feeding their bodies by destroying the souls of their brother men. He has also done everything possible to promote Irish immigration into Minnesota, procuring control of large tracts of farm land, cutting them up into homesteads grouped in colony fashion, and then assisting the poorest settlers in paying for their allotments and working their way upward by industry and thrift. In any enterprise of philanthropy or reform which enlists his services, he regards no distinctions of race, color, or creed, but mixes freely with his fellow citizens of all conditions, the only key to his sympathetic companionship being their sincere desire for better things.

But, naturally, the Archbishop has the defects of his virtues. He could no more keep out of politics than he could turn infidel. Once, in the early '90s, visiting New York to raise a loan on his individual property to clear his diocese of debt, he uttered his views publicly on the machinations of Tammany Hall and its congeners, and thus fell into a controversy with some of the local clergy. Again, in 1896, he came out vigorously against the Populistic ideas of Bryan, with their discrediting of the courts, their incitement of class antagonisms, and their attempt to foist a fifty-cent silver dollar upon business man and wage-earner alike. His candor was reported to Rome as a cause of scandal, and probably did him some damage there for a time, though later, in the settlement of the question of our Philippine friar lands, the Pope made considerable use of him as a go-between.

Personally, the Archbishop is a striking figure. He has a face of uncommon strength, keen yet responsive eyes, and the protruding nose and chin of a leader in forward movements. His presence, whether in plain dress or in his official vestments, inspires respect. He is, moreover, a man among men—genial, full of interest in whatever is afoot, fond of people, with a marked preference for informality of intercourse. He would be an ideal prelate to fulfil the prophetic picture suggested by a distinguished layman some years ago, of a Yankee Pope who should one day walk down Broadway, like any other modern apostle, in a frock coat and a high silk hat.

VIEILLARD.

Correspondence.

THE JUBILEE "NATION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Allow me, even at this late date, to add my congratulations to the many that have reached you on the "golden" anniversary of the *Nation*, and with these congratulations an expression of appreciation of what the *Nation* has been to me these many, many years. My father must have been among the early subscribers, for I began to read the *Nation* as a boy, long before I could possibly understand it. Naturally, politics, because least intelligible to a boy's mind, proved the most attractive feature of the paper at that time, and as I write I recall heated discussions with my companions, all strong partisans, in which I used weapons drawn from the *Nation's* arsenal in favor of independent political thought that would no doubt have surprised Mr. Godkin and his associates.

This training in independent thought has been to my mind one of the most valuable among the many services rendered by the *Nation* to its readers, and through its readers to the country at large. Whether in politics, literature, science, or religion, in history or in current events, the *Nation* could always be depended upon to present a subject with due consideration of its various phases; and it could always afford to be fair towards honorable opponents, while merciless to those of whose sincerity or honesty it was in doubt.

The attitude of the *Nation* towards the various issues involved in the present most lamentable war, and towards the many problems aroused by the course of events, has been a test of the principles that have always guided your paper in its long career. To me and, I am sure, to many thousands the editorial expressions and the views set forth in the correspondence columns have been a vast help in clarifying one's own views and in aiding one to maintain that judicial attitude so essential at a time when feelings run high and when sympathies or prejudices are apt to cloud one's vision.

Morris Jastrow, jr.

Northeast Harbor, Me., August 4.

AS VIEWED BY A CHINESE STUDENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As a foreign student in America I have been greatly interested and sometimes amazed by the attitude the people of this country assume towards the European war and the parties involved. The sympathy and charity extended to the suffering masses of Europe, the serious and often idealistic tone of the press, the calmness and firmness of the statesmen—these cannot fail to impress any observer as evidences of a noble spirit that is in the Americans. But when one comes to examine the arguments for or against the several parties of the war, one can scarcely overlook the tint of prejudice. We hear today nothing but condemnations of German oureaucracy, German brutality, German violation of treaties and international law, German aspiration of dominating the world. But are you consistent in condemning the violation of Belgian neutrality and upholding the violation of Chinese neutrality? If Germany should not kill innocent passengers on the ocean, should the Allies starve innocent civilians on land? Germany is fighting a war of selfish nationalism; the Allies are fighting a war of altruistic internationalism. If they are, they surely can be expected to right the wrongs that Japan has so shamelessly inflicted upon China, to give the peoples of Korea, Persia, Egypt, India, and Poland a chance to work out their own problems. Will they?

These arguments and questions are all futile and bewildering. They are clear only in one respect—that might is right in the present world. We might as well put aside the mask, and tell each other coldly and frankly that nations are as yet unmoral internationally. The lesson for China, as well as for every other weak state, to draw from the European conflict is that her hope does not lie in the loving heart and lofty motive of the Powers, but in her ability to defend herself.

H. Gah Tsen.

Chinese student in Oberlin College.

Oberlin, O., August 31.

HUMANISTS AND HUMANITARIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The logical confusion that underlies Mr. R. K. Hack's spirited attack in the *Nation* of August 19 on my distinction between the humanist and the humanitarian comes out most clearly, perhaps, in the following sentence: "Instead, therefore, of cursing democracy, muckrakers, and humanitarians, I propose that we curse nobody but our sinful selves." The whole point of my objection to muckrakers and humanitarians is that they would have us curse about everybody and everything except "our sinful selves"; that they would, in short, have us set up as "beautiful souls," instead of taking up the burden of moral responsibility. They have thus helped in no small measure to undermine spiritual discipline—which alone can curb the lust for power—and that at the very time when men have been acquiring a more and more thorough discipline in the use of material forces. Hence the emergence of that most sinister of all types, the efficient megalomaniac. If science has become a "wild Pallas of the brain," has forgotten that "she is the second, not the first," the error has arisen even less from a deliberate usurpation on the part of science than from the obscuring by emotional sophistries of the ethical law to which alone Science is rightly subordinate. What is monstrous in this age is not that it possesses mechanical efficiency, in itself an excellent thing, but that this mechanical efficiency has no sufficient counterpoise in spiritual efficiency. It would seem, therefore, that the first step in clearing up the present imbroglio is to call the humanitarians to a stern reckoning for the flabbiness they have encouraged on the human and spiritual levels of man's being; for having sought to discredit all traditional restraints, and failed at the same time to establish any new centre and principle of control; for having, on the contrary, belittled in a thousand ways intellect, insight, self-control, everything, in fact, in comparison with sympathy. Sultan Murad in Victor Hugo's poem of that name, after committing every imaginable crime of unrestraint, is pardoned at last by the Almighty because on one occasion he brushed away the flies from the wounds of a dying pig. An ass says Hugo elsewhere, that takes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a step aside to avoid treading on a toad, is "holier than Socrates and greater than Plato." By this overemphasis on sympathy the humanitarian shows that he has no sense of proportion, whereas the sense of proportion is the very essence and breath of life of humanism.

Pleas of the kind in which Mr. Hack indulges for the poetic faculty and spontaneity and the creative imagination have been poured forth in unparalleled volume during the past century; and yet the more these pleas have multiplied the more man has become the thrall of mechanism. This result points the way to some error of the first magnitude in dealing with the facts of human nature. The truth may be that man shows his own special spontaneity and the highest form of imaginative activity and at the same time escapes from mechanism, not by following impulse, but by resisting it. To let one's "feelings run in soft, luxurious flow" is, as Newman says, the exact reverse of spirituality. The opposite assumption is found in the entire modern movement, from its inception in the sentimentalists of the early eighteenth century down to the latest glorifications of instinct in philosophers like Bergson. The error is so grave, because it corrupts the very idea of duty; and men, as the French moralist has put it, must be either the slaves of duty or the slaves of force. In spite, therefore, of oceans of fine talk about liberty and democracy and service, the whole occidental world is now moving towards the triumph of force in some form or other, and will continue so to move until the underlying error is rectified.

According to Mr. Hack, what is implied in my assertions is that "human brotherhood is finally indistinguishable from tigrine association." Instead of asserting anything so preposterous, I have gone back to the earlier stages of the humanitarian movement, not as Mr. Hack supposes, that I might enjoy the pleasure of seeing battalions of abstractions march and counter-march, but, on the contrary, that I might escape from abstraction and show that, however beautiful in theory, sentimentalism is in practice akin not to brotherhood but to brutality.

May I add that it seems to me somewhat singular that a teacher of the classics like Mr. Hack, who is so plainly in earnest, would have us begin by considering the war from the situation as it existed only yesterday, instead of taking a long-range view—instead of building up a solid background of ideas and showing how these ideas have actually worked out in life and conduct? It seems to me at least equally singular that a classical teacher should seek to obscure the distinction between humanism and humanitarianism, on which the very survival of the classics as sources of substantial wisdom must ultimately depend—and what sensible person would care to see them survive on any other ground? I recently heard it remarked of our classical teachers that they have a genius for suicide. The best way for them to refute this charge is to show that they have a clear insight into the ultimate differences between a truly humanistic discipline and our modern humanitarian expansion.

Regarding the present mixture of efficient megalomania with humanitarian dreaming and the outcome, I wish to take this opportunity to quote a passage that has a prophetic flavor, by a writer of a very different school of thought from my own—the late Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale. In his essay on "War," first published in 1903, after commenting on the strangeness of the martial enthusiasm displayed in an industrial country like this during the conflict with Spain, he continues:

"At the same time, the social philosophy of the modern civilized world is saturated with humanitarianism and flabby sentimentalism. This humanitarianism is in literature; by it the reading public is led to suppose that the world is advancing along some line which they call 'progress' towards peace and brotherly love. Nothing could be more mistaken. We read of fist-law and constant war in the Middle Ages, and think that life must have been full of conflicts and bloodshed then; but modern warfare bears down on the whole population with a frightful weight through all the years of peace. Never, from the day of barbarism down to our own time, has every man in a society been a soldier until now; and the armaments of today are immensely more costly than ever before. There is only one limit possible to the war preparations of a modern European state; that is, the last man and the last dollar it can control. What will come of the mixture of sentimental social philosophy and warlike policy? There is only one thing rationally to be expected, and that is a frightful effusion of blood in revolution and war during the century now opening."

IRVING BABBITT.

Monadnock, N. H., August 26.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the series of Portraits of American Women, which I am now preparing for the *Atlantic Monthly*, I wish to include Charlotte Cushman. If any of your readers can refer me to persons owning any of her letters that would be of value for my purpose, I should be greatly obliged. GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., August 23.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Bodleian Quarterly Record* having now completed the first year of its history, it is possible to form an opinion of its value to librarians and book lovers. It was not to be expected that the conservative curators of the Bodleian would resort to any advertisement of their new publication; but the public has borne the loss in not knowing of its existence. The *Bodleian Quarterly Record* "is intended to be interesting and useful to readers in the Library, to Oxford residents, and to a wider circle." This wider circle must include many Americans who have enjoyed the hospitality of Bodley's Foundation, and many librarians who would gladly pay two shillings and four pence a year (to the Librarian, Bodleian Library, Oxford), for the information contained in this admirable account of the Library's activities.

Most valuable is the selected list of accessions for the preceding quarter, arranged in fifteen classes, and containing over 500 titles selected from forty times that number. This list should be of great use to book purchasers who may thus profit by skilled judgment before buying for their libraries. Each number also contains notes on literary and bibliographical matters and some hitherto unpublished material drawn from the vast treasures of the Library. A few selections will suggest the wide range of these notes. The total number of printed Incunabula is believed to be about 30,000; of these fifteenth-century books the British Museum has 11,500, the Bodleian 5,600, the Cambridge University Library 2,800, the John Rylands Library in Manchester 2,400. Of Baconian MSS. the Bodleian has 109, more than any other library. Lady Mary Shelley has added to the Shelley collection by presenting the poet's nursery rattle with bells, whistle, and red coral complete; while Captain Williams has given the original autograph copy of Shelley's "Epithalamium." It is pointed out that every edition of the Common Prayer Book of Psalms from 1553 to 1661 printed Ps. xxxvii: 29, "the *righteous* shall be punished," etc. The error was first made in the quarto Bible (Cranmer's, founded on the Great Bible) in 1553. "The punishment of the Righteous must have been proclaimed by hundreds of the clergy and by thousands of devout worshippers, during more than a century!"

Very interesting in one of the recent issues of the *Quarterly Record* are some Latin and Greek poems by Oxford men, devoted to praise of the Founder and the Library in 1613, and also Humphrey Wanley's suggestions, made in 1697, looking to improvements in the cataloguing and in the administration of the collection. Admirers of the late Prof. Ingram Bywater and of his works on Aristotle will be glad to know that his precious library was bequeathed to the Bodleian. If books are gifted with emotions, those in the Bywater collection have every cause of self-complacency; it was an honor to have received a place upon his shelves. There are more than 3,600 volumes in the collection, dealing chiefly with Aristotle, and nearly all printed before 1650. Many volumes bear *marginalia* by the great Continental scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a copy of Melanchthon's "Commentatio de Anima" (1540) bears the rare autograph "Francisci Rabelesi *καὶ τῶν αὐτοῦ φίλων.*" Nowhere could this collection have found a more appropriate resting-place than in this ancient centre of Aristotelian study.

There is no room for further reference to the literary notes. Old Bodleian readers will be glad to know, however, that, despite the lack of funds under which this greatest of University libraries is forced to labor, the money was forthcoming for a recent and most urgent addition to the stack accommodations. The ground between the Library and the Camera was excavated to the depth of sixteen feet, nearly to the water level, without disturbing the street or sod, and space was thus made for storing one million octavo volumes. There are two floors, of which the upper is installed with the most modern sliding steel bookcases. These slide upon upper tracks into the aisles with perfect ease, are entirely clear of the floor, and occupy two-thirds of the total floor-space. The system of electric lighting, heating, and ventilation is admirable. The Librarian is authority for the astounding statement that the total expense of excavation and interior construction work, excluding fixtures, was only £12,000. Each sliding bookcase costs £10, and holds 600 octavo volumes. To have created underground space for one million books at a cost of $60,000, is something of an accomplishment in economy. Moreover, it is gratifying to learn that, whatever physical drawbacks the Bodleian may have inherited

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the past, its stack can still be indefinitely enlarged by utilizing in the same way the ample space between the Camera and the University Church. The possibilities of underground stacks, when well protected from dampness, have perhaps never been better illustrated than here, where any surface disturbance would have been sacrilege.

W. W. COMFORT.

Oxford, June 30.

THE GAIETY OF SOCRATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I see many glowing tributes to the anniversary number of your incomparable paper, and I wish to add my congratulations, but I wish also to express my gratitude for the article "The Gaiety of Socrates." In the welter of discouraging and serious reading, it came as a real oasis—delightful in its wit and brilliant in humor. It is a real addition to one's treasure book.

A. L. S.

Greenwich, Conn., July 30.

THE HARVARD ENGLISH PLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on the Harvard English plan, printed in your issue of April 22 (p. 431), and the comments elicited by it from J. M. H., in your issue of July 1 (p. 14), and from Professor Fore, in your issue of July 29 (p. 146), lead me to say that a plan similar to that recently adopted by Harvard has been in use in the University High School at Columbia, Mo., for some eight years. The University High School affords a practice school for those seniors in the University of Missouri who contemplate a degree from the College of Education. The supervisor of the English department in this High School had notebooks from the departments of mathematics, history, and the sciences delivered to his desk once a month. The contents were read from the point of view of clear, idiomatic English, as well as for spelling and punctuation—vital matters in a secondary school. The books were returned with brief but significant comments, and a note to the teacher in charge setting forth those issues most worthy of congratulation or criticism. A student's mark in English depended not less upon the character of his ability in English, as demonstrated in all other departments, than upon that work actually done for the English class.

This scheme had a most notable effect upon the general appearance, the style, and the content of all written work done by the students. It also had a tendency to render those college seniors who were doing their practice teaching exceedingly careful of their own written and spoken language. Students from this secondary school entered college with not a trace of that attitude which Professor Fore condemns as disgraceful; and the teachers from this practice school entered their profession feeling that "good writing is the business of every teacher." I quite agree with Professor Fore that the burden of teaching technical English rests primarily upon the teacher of English; but his burden need not be increased by the carelessness and the neglect of teachers in other departments. The problem of the secondary school is the problem of the college, intensified.

CAROLYN BENTON COCKEFAIR.

Warrensburg, Mo., August 2.

Book Notes and Byways

LUTHER S. LIVINGSTON: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

By JOHN THOMAS LEE.

PART TWO.

In 1910 Mr. Livingston entered into a partnership with Mr. R. H. Dodd, under the name of Dodd & Livingston, and in 1911 visited London, where he formed many friendships—a thing for which he appears to have had a rare and happy gift—and, had not a lamentable accident befallen him on April 15, 1912, he would probably in due time have become one of the world's great book-sellers; for he was endowed as few men of his business have been.

Mrs. George D. Widener, whose son was lost in the Titanic (also on that fateful 15th of April), when Mr. Livingston's condition was sufficiently improved, asked him to become the first librarian of the Harry Elkins Widener collection in the Library of Harvard University. "He loved you, Mr. Livingston, and has talked to me so often of your knowledge and the help you were to him in advising him about books," wrote Mrs. Widener. And so the Corporation of Harvard University appointed him to the place on November 30, 1914, scarcely a month before he succumbed, after the bravest of fights. He lies buried at Mount Auburn under a beautiful pine tree.

III.

Mr. Livingston, in January, 1914, printed for private distribution "A Bibliographical Record," being, so the title continues, "A List of Books and Pamphlets, More or Less Bibliographical, Written, Compiled, Edited, or Containing a Preface or Other Contribution, by Luther S. Livingston." The "Record," as reprinted in the *Papers* of the Bibliographical Society of America (Vol. VIII), including a few titles added by Mrs. Livingston, contains sixty-six items. Thus it will be seen that he left a tidy legacy to bibliographical literature. It is true, of course, that some of the entries are of items of small importance, but the list contains many studies of permanent value and interest. All the items enumerated relate to books and manuscripts, with a single exception, "Chrysanthemums," printed anonymously in 1893, during his employment with Pitcher & Manda. The first volume of "American Book-Prices Current" (1895) was wholly the work of Mr. Livingston. The later issues of this useful series were largely compiled by assistants under his direction. Some of his best contributions to bibliography were issued in the form of catalogues by Dodd, Mead & Co., who made many notable collections, which were for the most part catalogued by Mr. Livingston in a way to leave little to be desired. He showed a decided interest in early historical Americana, writing prefatory "Notes" to facsimile reprints of "The First Four Voyages of Americus Vespucius" (German edition of 1509); "A Brief and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia" (1588), by Thomas Hariot, the earliest original book in English on the region now within the limits of the United States; and John Brereton's "A Briefe and True Relation of the Discouerie of the North Part of Virginia" (1602).

One service to American scholarship is not included in the bibliography of Livingston's writings. Many of the rare books acquired by Mr. E. D. Church passed through our friend's hands; and Mr. Church asked him to make a catalogue of his magnificent collection. It was found, however, that he could not spare the time for so great an undertaking, and so, in 1901, the editorial task was assigned to Mr. George Watson Cole, a thoroughly competent scholar, and was completed in 1909. The Church "Catalogue" is a monument of erudition and bookmaking. Much of the preliminary work was done by Mr. Livingston, and it is said that the general plan of the catalogue, model for collations, descriptions, and notes were his, and he read all the proofs with the utmost care.

It is not surprising that Mr. Livingston's last days were cheered by the appearance of his "Franklin and His Press at Passy," published by the Grolier Club in 1914. The volume is before me as I write. It is a handsome octavo of 216 pages—a fine example of Bruce Rogers's art. It is unquestionably Mr. Livingston's best work, the ripe product of his learning and judgment. It is a captivating study of the numerous issues from Franklin's private press at Passy, where that many-sided man played the printer for his own amusement, and students and collectors of Frankliniana will be alive to the importance of Mr. Livingston's last and best book.

In 1898 he began his contributions to the *Bookman*, and it was here that I first encountered his work. Later he became a frequent writer for the *Nation*, whose readers will not soon forget his interesting manner of conveying dry bibliographical information.

He left many bibliographical notes and uncollected material, which Mrs. Livingston hopes to publish from time to time. Bibliophiles will be gratified to learn that it is proposed to reprint entire the "Bagatelles" described by Mr. Livingston in his "Franklin and His Press at Passy." Mrs. Livingston's position in the Widener Memorial Library will give her opportunity to carry forward some of the work her husband commenced so hopefully. At the time of his death there was in type one of the rare tracts which he planned to reprint, "Captain John Smith's Circular or Prospectus of His Generall Historie of Virginia." This has since been issued by Mrs. Livingston. It is a handsomely printed folio of five unnumbered leaves, limited to sixty copies. Smith's prospectus is a choice bit of Americana, and excessively rare; indeed, only one copy is known to have survived, and that is preserved in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries, in London. The tract is reproduced in excellent facsimile, and Mr. Livingston has added a valuable note of three pages.

Mr. Livingston was a bibliographer of wide range. During his long connection with the book trade very many rare and unusual items in all branches of literature passed through his hands. He was alert and not easily deceived, and he seems never to have missed an opportunity to add to his store of bibliographical knowledge from all available sources. On the whole, he was, I think, the peer of any book-seller of his day on this side of the Atlantic as an expert in matters of bibliography. There are those, no doubt, who surpassed him in a chosen department, but none, perhaps, had quite his versatility and competent grasp of the entire subject of rare books having an especial appeal for American collectors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature

TWO BOOKS ON CONSUMPTION.

Consumption, What It Is and What to Do About It. By John B. Hawes, 2nd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 50 cents net.

The Tuberculosis Nurse, Her Functions and Qualifications: A Handbook for Practical Workers in the Tuberculosis Campaign. By Ellen N. La Motte. Introduction by Louis Hamman, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

The first of these books (one of the Welfare series) is by an eminent physician, a specialist in tuberculosis who is also secretary of the Massachusetts Tuberculosis Commission, and the second by one who was formerly nurse-in-chief of the Tuberculosis Division of the Health Department of Baltimore. Utilizing not only their extensive experience of tuberculosis as a disease to be treated by physician and nurse, but also their knowledge concerning the disease as a human problem, Dr. Hawes has prepared a short treatise of one hundred pages intended to give the general public some definite knowledge of the subject in such a way as not to take the place of the physician, but to be of service to him, to the patient, and to the patient's family, while Miss La Motte has prepared a larger volume to fill the needs of nurses, social workers, anti-tuberculosis associations, and physicians and laymen engaged in public health work.

Dr. Hawes opens his discussion with several short chapters in which in simple, non-technical language he tells what consumption is, how the germ gets into the body, what the early and important symptoms are, what one should do when he *thinks* and when he *knows* he has tuberculosis. A brief summary of methods of home treatment is then given, and this is followed by a detailed description of How to Live and Sleep in the Open Air. Sanatorium treatment is discussed in detail, the advantages of various situations given, and, what is quite unusual in books of this character, the patient is told how to get to the various sanatoria, what it costs to stay at each, and what may be expected as the result of residence there. In connection with sanatorium treatment emphasis is laid on the one great advantage of such treatment—that aside from the possibility of cure or arrest of the disease, the patient learns *how to live so as to keep well after leaving the sanatorium.* Other chapters deal with tuberculosis in childhood, open-air schools, the marriage of consumptives, the use of drugs, and how to keep from giving consumption to others. The book closes with a chapter on Hints and Helps prepared by Dr. Charles L. Minor. Its tone is cheerful and hopeful, and the details as to the practical management and the financing of the tuberculous so valuable that it should become the *vade mecum* of those suffering from tuberculosis or responsible for the care of such.

Miss La Motte's book of about three hundred pages is based on her experience first as a visiting nurse to the tuberculous and later as organizer and director of the tuberculosis campaign in Baltimore. The material presented has, therefore, a local flavor, but as the problems discussed are common to all towns and cities, this does not limit the application of the ideas and principles set forth. Throughout her discussion, Miss La Motte emphasizes the importance of voluntary segregation as the chief factor in the eradication of tuberculosis—the removal of the distributer of the disease germ from an environment where he is dangerous to one where he is harmless. This she considers the chief and foremost duty of the public health nurse. This view is supported also by Dr. Hamman, who writes the introduction, and who especially emphasizes the isolation of advanced cases as the most important factor in limiting the dissemination of the disease. This and the development of an increased resistance to infection through improved personal hygiene and standards of living, are flatly stated to be of more importance to the community at large than the question of treatment. In short, the eradication of tuberculosis, though it is a problem of preventive medicine, is above all else a human social problem which concerns the community at large and is bound up with all social movements, as housing laws, child-labor laws, the wage question, municipal recreation centres, the liquor question, social service efforts, open-air schools, factory inspection, and so on. The question of early diagnosis and cure concerns the individual; the broader problem of eradication concerns the community. As Dr. Hawes's book discusses the problem from the point of view of the individual, so Miss La Motte, on the other hand, presents the problem from the point of view of what the community, the city, the State, should do.

In the earlier chapters Miss La Motte discusses the organization of a tuberculosis nursing service—the selection, training, and supervision of nurses, their compensation, duties, supplies, and reports. Then follow chapters on the relation of the visiting nurse to the practicing physician, the dispensary, the hospital, and the sanatorium, with a frank discussion of the advantages of co-operation with these various agencies and the reasons for failure and disappointment in such joint relations. Other chapters deal with the prevention of the disease, the inspection and disinfection of the houses, the care of the family, the problem of giving financial aid, and the question of occupation for the consumptive. A final chapter discusses the municipal control of the disease with special reference to the danger of political control and the influence of poverty. In the latter connection the statement is made that tuberculosis recruits 50 per cent. of its ranks from the very poor. When to this statement is added that of Dr. Hawes, that in the United States 200,000 people die annually of the disease, and Dr. Hamman's opinion that "ninety per cent. of the human race is tuberculosis infected, and that infection occurs at a very early age, so that at twelve years few children have escaped it," it is evident that tuberculosis is not merely a medical problem, but a human, social problem of the greatest importance. As Dr. Hawes says, "Compared with tuberculosis, the acute infectious diseases of childhood sink into insignificance, and even those much-dreaded diseases, smallpox, yellow fever, leprosy, and even cancer, do infinitely less harm and kill a vastly smaller number of people."

In combating this scourge the individual suffering from tuberculosis, as also those immediately responsible for his care and treatment, will find Dr. Hawes's book of the greatest value, while for societies, communities, and other agencies directing their efforts towards the broader problem of the control and eradication of the disease Miss La Motte's book will serve as both guide and stimulus.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Freelands. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Here is a tale by Galsworthy which, in its lack of connection with wars or rumors of wars, might have been written ten years ago. It is (happily) in the vein of "The Country House" and "The Patrician" rather than of "The Dark Flower." It presents once more little England, ante-bellum England, country-house and week-end England, "muddling through." This is an England not unaware of problems; there is an unpleasant minority which thrusts them upon it; but it has no real liking for them, with their habit of threatening the *status quo.* In this story the chief little problem involved is "the land," more particularly the question of what is to be done about the agricultural laborer, his limitations, needs, and defections. The opening scene, in which three brothers, gentlemen by blood, are indirectly brought together by the existence of this problem, gives a thumbnail view of the whole situation. Stanley Freeland is a manufacturer of ploughs for the colonial trade. John Freeland has an important place in the Home Office. Felix Freeland is a successful novelist. Each of them thinks the country in a bad way. Felix goes to the fraternal conference "conscious of a certain superiority in that he, at all events, had no hand in this paralysis which was creeping on the country." John lays the country's difficulties "partly to industrialism, with its rotting effect upon the physique; partly to this modern analytic Intellectualism, with its destructive and anarchic influence on morals." Stanley feels that the country is "eaten up with officialism . . . and the advanced ideas of these new writers and intellectuals, always talking about the rights and sufferings of the poor."

This note of overt satire is dominant throughout the book. There is another Freeland brother, "Tod," the crank or freak of the lot, a dreamer, or rather a dreamy lover

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of nature and simple living. He has married a woman of revolutionary temper; and their boy and girl have derived from her a rebellious attitude towards society. The "Tods" live secluded in the country; but at the moment when the story begins certain oppressive acts on the part of a neighboring landlord against two farm laborers have roused young Derek and his sister to assume the rôle of agitators. Their labor is wasted and worse than wasted. The death of one of the laborers is indirectly the outcome of poor Derek's activity, and as for the rest, the whole matter is summed up in a few lines of poignant dialogue at the end:

"Us can't afford to do no more dyin' for you—that's all," says old Gaunt.

"For me! Dying! My God! D'you think I wouldn't have——? Oh! Confound you!"

"Aye! Confounded us you 'ave! Hope you're satisfied."

Pale as death and quivering all over, Derek answered:

"So you think I've just been frying fish of my own?"

Tom Gaunt emitted a little laugh.

"I think you've fried no fish at all. That's what I think. And no one else does, neither, if you want to know—except poor Bob. You've fried his fish, sure enough."

Luckily for Derek, there is a maiden, daughter to Uncle Felix, who stands ready to comfort and support him—an old-fashioned maiden in whose arms we may be content to leave him, for his sake if not for hers.

The Nurse's Story. By Adele Bleneau. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Miss Adele Bleneau has gathered together a timely supply of facts on the hospitals, the trenches, and general army conditions, and woven them together by means of a story. The weaving is not expert, and the story itself is singularly inept and spiritless. With her stage set as a battlefield, with a chromo of distant hospitals for her background, with modern carnage rampant, she has introduced the two antediluvian characters of fiction—the wounded hero of royal blood and the villain who springs forth suddenly from spiritual darkness and suffers reform in the next to the last chapter. In doing this, moreover, Miss Bleneau has been consistent; she has re-created her types without variation. There is even supplied the crisis where the villain, wounded, and sustained only by his own cunning, staggers to the cot of the dying hero and rips the bandages from the fatal wound. This is the beginning of noteworthy events. For just then the heroine returns and seizes upon the plotter to battle bravely with him. With this there arises confusion and still greater confusion; but at the end of it all despair alone remains triumphant, for the villain malignantly locks everybody up in the room, and with one sinister gesture tosses the key out of the window. At this critical moment the enemy begins to shell the building.

The Teutonic army proves a great convenience for Miss Bleneau. She moves it about from page to page of her novel like a mad chessman in some incredibly swift and futile game; and she even allows it, in one strenuous moment, to capture the heroine and bear her off to a prisoners' camp where the food is very bad. However, the heroine, faithful to type, steals through the enemy's lines, saves the life of the hero, combats shells and shrapnel, and returns at the supreme moment to reform the villain.

GERMAN INDUSTRIALISM.

Imperial Germany and the Industrial Revolution. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Readers acquainted with Professor Veblen's books on "The Leisure Class" and "The Instinct of Workmanship" will find the qualities of those stimulating works in his latest writing. The author is both economist and sociologist, and he is both at the same time; he does not pass from one field to the other, but makes the two fields one. An economic fact suggests to him a moral reflection, and a social institution is to him a problem in economic valuation. This attitude is a sufficient departure from the usual academic habit to give zest to all that he writes, and to make his work original and suggestive even when it is not conclusive. It is an attitude well adapted to a discussion of the topic in hand, which is an explanation of German industrial efficiency by reference to social facts and principles.

The author begins his study in the stone age of the Baltic peoples, but he confesses that his problem has to do with the recent rather than with the distant past, and his early chapters add little to the strength of his argument. Comparing the German with the English system, he is particularly impressed by the advantages which a people obtains by borrowing the technical arts rather than by developing them as a native growth. The English people, he thinks, made their industrial progress, in the period succeeding the reign of Elizabeth, at the expense of their old social and political institutions. The principles of self-help and equality of opportunity dissolved old authorities in law, government, and religion. Insubordination grew, and loyalty declined. The materialistic logic of business infected all English thought. The English industrial system, furthermore, developed in its growth a fringe of customs and conventions that were natural products of the time, but were actual hindrances to economic efficiency. Such were abuses in the competition of trade, leading to irregularities and loss, and breeding up a race of "depauperate" workmen, almost irremediably damaged in physique. Such were the canons of consumption, imposing "conspicuous waste" as the signal-mark of social propriety. Extravagance and useless or harmful sport became national institutions.

There were but the accidents of industrial progress in England, and from them the German people was spared while it was procuring political rehabilitation under the dynastic power of the Prussian state. The people retained habits of mind suited to the maintenance of a coercive, centralized, and irresponsible political control. They were confirmed in the frugal habits of a simple economic organization. Finally, when the time was ripe, still under the strict guidance of political authority, they assimilated rapidly the effective parts of the English industrial system, and took their place among the leading peoples, unique in their combination of qualities of the old time and the new. The "new technology brought with it virtually none of its inherent drawbacks, in the way of conventional waste, obsolescent usage, and equipment, or class animosities; and as it has been brought into full bearing within an unexampled short time, none of these drawbacks or handicaps have yet had time to grow to formidable dimensions. . . . Carrying over a traditional bias of Romantic loyalty, infused anew with a militant patriotism by several successful wars, and irritably conscious of national power in their new-found economic efficiency, the feudalistic spirit of the population has yet suffered little if any abatement from their brief experience as a modern industrial community."

The author ranges into all parts of national life in his endeavor to appreciate modern German "Kultur." As often as not he fails to command the assent of the cautious reader, but to his credit it must be said that his assertions are fair scientific hypotheses. His forecast, that the Imperial German state is "unable to get along without the machine industry, and also, in the long run, unable to get along with it," appears perfectly reasonable; and most American readers will agree with his conclusion that, whether the German state wins or loses in its present struggle, the cause of Western civilization will suffer from its activities.

LETTERS OF ROBERT E. LEE TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Lee's Dispatches: Unpublished Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee, C. S. A., to Jefferson Davis and the War Department of the Confederate States of America. Edited, with an Introduction, by Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.75 net.

The originals of the more than two hundred letters and dispatches included in this volume appear to have been kept by Jefferson Davis among his private papers, and to have been lost at the time of the fall of Richmond. Where or how they were recovered we are not told, but eventually they passed into the private collection of Mr. Wymberley Jones De Renne, of Wormsloe, Georgia, with whose assistance they have now been printed. The papers cover the period from June 3, 1862, to April 1, 1865—from the time, that is, when Lee took command of the army defending Richmond until shortly before his surrender. With a few exceptions they are brief, but the editor

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has supplied voluminous explanatory notes, and references, where necessary, to the "Official Records" or other works in which the subject-matter of the dispatch is also treated.

Only an elaborate review could point out and evaluate all the additions which these letters make to our knowledge of Lee's career. A few of the more important contributions are briefly summarized by Mr. Freeman in his introduction. For example, the second letter in the collection, dated June 5, 1862, outlines a plan by which Stonewall Jackson, then in the valley of Virginia, was to be strengthened by troops drawn from the Carolinas and Georgia, which would enable him to cross Maryland and invade Pennsylvania; while Richmond, whose defence in the event of siege would, Lee thought, require 100,000 men, "which perhaps would only prolong, not save it," was apparently to be abandoned if necessary to defeat McClellan's plan of "a battle of Posts." It would appear from this that the plan eventually adopted for the campaign from Mechanicsville to Harrison's Landing was an alternative rather than Lee's only choice. Again, from a letter of August 30, 1862, it seems that Lee regarded the second Manassas campaign as primarily defensive, intended to force the Federal troops across the Rappahannock in preparation for offensive operations later. Particularly interesting, also, though substantively less important, is the correspondence of the winter of 1864-65, in which the danger of starvation for the Confederate army, the urgent need of supplies of all sorts, and the necessity of keeping open railway communication with Richmond, are frequently mentioned.

One of the most notable letters, in human as well as military interest, is that of July 31, 1863, in which Lee takes upon himself the entire responsibility for the failure at Gettysburg. "No blame can be attached to the army," he wrote, "for its failure to accomplish what was projected by me, nor should it be censured for the unreasonable expectations of the public——I am alone to blame, in perhaps expecting too much of its prowess & valour. . . . I thought at the time that [a victory] was practicable. I still think if all things could have worked together it would have been accomplished. But with the knowledge I then had, & in the circumstances I was then placed, I do not know what better course I could have pursued. With my present knowledge, & could I have foreseen that the attack on the last day would have failed to drive the enemy from his position, I should certainly have tried some other course." Elsewhere in the letters appears the same admirable trait, his unwillingness to allow his subordinates to be blamed where he felt that he was responsible. On the other hand, Lee would not recommend promotion where, in his judgment, merit did not fully warrant it. In May, 1863, after the battle of Chancellorsville, he spoke of R. H. Anderson and Hood as "capital officers," who "will make good corps commanders, if necessary"; but in July, 1864, when Davis was planning to remove Joseph E. Johnston from command of the army before Atlanta, and substitute Hood, Lee, while commending Hood as a good fighter, and expressing "a high opinion of his gallantry, earnestness, & zeal;" nevertheless declared that he had had "no opportunity of judging of his action, when the whole responsibility rested upon him"; and he indirectly recommended Hardee.

These letters should go far to set at rest the impression that there was friction and unfriendliness between Lee and Davis. Lee was too serious and devoted to dissemble, and without dissemblance he could hardly have written with the frank confidence which his letters show to an official superior whom at heart he distrusted or disliked. Differences of opinion there were, of course, but proof of any save cordial and friendly relations is in these pages wholly lacking.

THIS PUZZLING WORLD.

Boon: The Mind of the Race, The Wild Asses of the Devil, and The Last Trump. Being a First Selection from the Literary Remains of George Boon, Appropriate to the Times. Prepared for publication by Reginald Bliss, with an Ambiguous Introduction by H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.

Mr. Wells has permitted himself a good deal of sheer wit and not a little pure fooling. But we have always felt—as, despite their apologists, we have not felt about Messrs. Shaw, Chesterton, and the rest—that there was a basis of sound humor beneath his wildest extravagances. Our feeling about them, when the war broke out, was something like "Well, now these fellows will have to settle down." But we did not feel that about Mr. Wells; for if the time for flippancy and mountebanking was suddenly past, the time for true humor, for the humor that informs suffering and heals it, was ripe indeed.

Superficially, his present utterance bears the earmarks of the ante-bellum school of British jollity. The look of the title-page is odd. The publishers obligingly inform us that the contents make up "a literary salad with plenty of red peppers in it." There is a thinly mystifying Introduction, in which Mr. Wells goes casually through the motions of assuring the reader that the book is not his. It seems to him, he says, "an indiscreet, ill-advised book," and he does not wish to be identified with its author. "Bliss is Bliss and Wells is Wells. And Bliss can write all sorts of things that Wells could not do." Of course, the sense of this is that Bliss is stalking-horse for Wells's wit. The theory of the book is further complicated by the fact that the alleged Reginald Bliss is supposed to be acting chiefly as reporter of one George Boon, a popular novelist, who is privately a cynic philosopher. On its face, in short, the whole performance is one of those fantastic and whimsical divertisements with which the volatile Britain of the past decade has been wont to surprise us at intervals.

But it is more than this, for here, whether attributed to Boon or Bliss or Dodd or Wilkins, is assembled a humorous commentary upon the world of to-day. Upon the literary world in the foreground; for if there is a dominant idea in these pages it is that the hope of the race lies in its writing men, in "the great task of literature, the great task of becoming the thought and the expressed intention of the race, the task of taming violence, organizing the aimless, destroying terror. . . ." And this task is to lie not upon the shoulders of the few great writers. Boon has much fun with Greatness as a Victorian invention. "Never so little recognized Greatness," read his notes, "and never so much subtle, sweet, and boldly conceived literary work as now." . . . "Arnold Bennett as an aborted Great Man. Would have made a Great Victorian and had a crowd of satellite helpers. Now no one will ever treasure his old hats and pipes. . . ." As for the present world-muddle, Boon gives it up; his parables of "The Wild Asses of the Devil" and "The Last Trump" are the gropings of a broken-hearted man. But Bliss, the absurd Bliss, does not give it up, and here it is he rather than Boon who speaks for Mr. Wells. The war is horrible. "The black stream of consequence will flow for centuries. But all this multitudinous individual unhappiness is still compatible with a great progressive movement in the general mind. The tremendous present disaster of Europe may not be, after all, a disaster for mankind. . . . We must see these things from the standpoint of the Race Life, whose days are hundreds of years."

ORGANIZED CHARITY.

Social Work in London, 1869-1912. A History of the Charity Organization Society. By Helen Bosanquet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Never probably has there existed an institution more bitterly criticised or more ineffectually, from its foundation to the present day, than the London Charity Organization Society. To those rich people who regard "charity" as a salve to their consciences, or, as the cynic has it, a form of fire-insurance, it has represented the unpleasantly candid friend; to the recipients of their doles it stands for "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"; to the professional charity-monger it has been a horrid nightmare. Yet never, probably, has a similar institution effected more within its chosen limits.

Commanded by religion; suggested by conscience and sentiment alike; acceptable to self-love, that aspect of charity which is best defined by the word "giving" has always been accepted as one of the most noble of human impulses. The handing of money to a starving beggar seems an act at once so grateful, so reasonable, and so virtuous that he who attempts to point out that it may actually be a form of wrong instead of well-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doing can scarcely hope for any prompt or widespread popularity. Accordingly, when the C. O. S. points out—as it has pointed out a score of times—that indiscriminate "charity" may be no more than a means towards pauperization, and that the only way to arrive at a cure for chronic poverty is to study its causes and their removal, it must accept the lot of the unpopular and trust to time to vindicate it.

An excellent example of this occurred in the winter of 1886, at a time of great distress in the East End. In response to numerous appeals and disregarding the protests of the C. O. S. and other students of the realities, such as Canon Barnett, the famous Warden of Toynbee, the Lord Mayor opened a Mansion House Fund for the relief of the Unemployed. Enormous sums were subscribed and poured in an ill-controlled flood into the poorer parts of London. Exactly what the C. O. S. had predicted resulted—as the Lord Mayor himself admitted some months later. Beggars, tramps, and other undesirables flocked in from all parts of the country; it was impossible to distribute the money with any attempt, even, at selection; the deserving were swamped in the serried ranks of the undeserving; mendicancy was again raised to the height of a profession, and East London suffered a degradation from which it took years to recover.

Originally designed to act as a clearing-house for all the reputable charitable societies, the C. O. S. very soon developed in the direction of a University of Social Study, especially, of course, in relation to poverty and its causes. A mere catalogue of its activities during its forty-five years of existence would make a formidable document. Housing and sanitation, the study of tuberculosis, hospitals, and their almoners, the care of and provision of food for underfed or mentally defective children, the causes of unemployment, the provision of pensions, sanatoria—in all of these directions, besides its better-known work in the regulation of charity and the suppression of bogus charities and professional mendicancy, the influence of the C. O. S. has everywhere made itself felt, and has in most cases offered a lead later to be followed by such public bodies as the London County Council, or even the Imperial Parliament.

In her careful study of these varied activities, Miss Bosanquet has produced a book of the greatest possible value to every student of social work. Although primarily devoted to London problems, it has a very direct bearing upon those, curiously parallel, which await solution in New York and every other great American city. That day may be long in coming when the public generally will be brought to realize that one of the most potent means of making poverty more poor is for the more fortunate to fling it doles out of their superfluity, and that the only way to work towards the millennium is to study the causes of human misery rather than the results. When that day comes the much-abused C. O. S. will find itself justified of all men.

Notes

The Macmillan Co. will bring out this month a new volume of Miss Sara Teasdale's poems, entitled "Rivers to the Sea."

A new volume by Arthur Christopher Benson, "Escape and Other Essays," is announced for immediate publication by the Century Co.

A new collection of Walt Mason's prose poems is published this week by A. C. McClurg & Co., under the title "Horse Sense."

The Bobbs-Merrill Co. announces the publication on Saturday week of George Bronson-Howard's novel, "God's Man."

Scribners bring out on Saturday "The High Priestess," a new novel by Robert Grant.

On September 11 Houghton Mifflin Co. will issue the following volumes: "The Valley Road," by Mary Hallock Foote; "Belgium's Agony," by Emile Verhaeren; "The Dot Circus," by Clifford L. Sherman; N. S. Shaler's "The Citizen"; "Red Wine of Roussillon," a drama in blank verse by William Lindsey; "The Arrow Maker," a play by Mary Austin; "Old Calabria," by Norman Douglas; "The House of Friendship," by Agnes Edwards, and a new, enlarged edition of "The Roads toward Peace," by C. W. Eliot.

Among the "other addresses" by Viscount Haldane printed under the title of "The Conduct of Life" (Dutton; $1), of particular interest, in view of the many suggestions now being made towards a world federation, is the address delivered before the American Bar Association in Montreal in 1913 on "Higher Nationality." The most serious question in connection with a federation of nations is the basis of organization and authority. In reply Lord Haldane points to the English law, and especially to the common law. The common law rests upon no articles of agreement; it is not even defined previously to being enforced. The common law is simply common moral sense become authoritative custom. Yet, to the wonder of most foreign observers, it has been proved to be an effective instrument of order. This suggests, according to Lord Haldane, that an international order may in the end be not less securely based upon the moral sense of nations.

Frances Delanoy Little, author of "Sketches in Poland" (Stokes; $2.50), is an English painter, who also writes, and, judging from the specimens of her double activity, her palette serves her rather better than her inkwell. Shortly before the outbreak of the present war, she travelled in Galicia, Russian Poland, and Posen, and visited the churches and museum of Cracow, Lemberg, Danzig, and a few other towns. She also saw something of village life in the Tatra Mountains, but, above all, she consorted with the Polish aristocracy—her pages bristle with princesses and counts. What she gathered from these informants possesses a certain value, as showing what miseries were inflicted upon patriotic Poles by the Governments of Russia and Prussia. Her chapters are very short, disjointed, and fragmentary. The best part of the book are the descriptions of the peasant costumes, seen with an artist's eye, and the account of her tribulations while painting in the presence of gaping country folk and the ever-watchful police. The author's sympathy with the Poles is in great measure offset by her heartless sneers at other elements of the population that do not happen to appeal to her fancy.

The report of the Library of Congress for 1914 is not so dull but that it contains two items of news which have attracted attention in Europe. One records the acquisition of the late Bertram Dobell's collection of privately printed volumes, 1,611 in number, the fruits of years of searching in London, and many of them of great value. The other announces the purchase of the Mercy-Argenteau papers, consisting of more than ten thousand documents relating to the history of the family of that name between 1660 and 1880. It may be recalled that the letters of the Count Mercy-Argenteau contain the fullest descriptions extant of the French Court in the days of Marie Antoinette. The papers were offered for sale in New York in 1912 by an indigent member of the family, auctioned off for a song, because their polyglot character—they are in Greek, Latin, Spanish, German, Dutch, French, and Italian—concealed their value, and bought by the Library from a dealer. The British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale cannot but regard these additions to the Library with envy.

Prof. A. S. Mackenzie's "The Evolution of Literature," a grandiose survey, which takes the extraordinary position that the development of letters is closely connected with the development of society, and which traces literary composition on the five continents through the "primitive," the "barbaric," and the "autocratic" processes to its present happy "democratic" stage, has been reissued by Crowell in a cheaper edition ($1.50 net). The book is in its way provocative of thought—the laws of literary progress which it states, and in the formulation of which the author skims over vast expanses of traditional and written literature, are of that daring quality which must rouse any reader—and the new edition doubtless testifies to some general demand for this most unusual application of Spencerian theory. Its chief usefulness, however, will be found in its account of savage and semi-civilized modes of literary composition.

The more dramatic and sinister figures of Mirabeau, Danton, and Robespierre have found numerous biographers in English and have rather eclipsed the noble-minded, patriotic youth of twenty-seven who came up from Dauphiné in 1789 to help establish in France a constitutional government. Barnave's fellow townsman and devoted admirer, Bérenger, published a biography, with some of Barnave's papers, in 1843; but no one, not even any Frenchman, has made so exhaustive a study of the famous Dauphiné Deputy as E. D. Bradby in his admirable "Life of Barnave" (Oxford University Press; two volumes; $5.75 net). Mr. Bradby has been to Barnave's papers in the Archives Nationales, to all the contemporary newspapers which reported the great debates in the Constituent Assembly and in the political clubs, and to the mass of other material relating to the early years of the French Revolution. He gives a just and convincing picture of Barnave's character—one of the most able, eloquent, genuine, and even

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lovable figures among the members of the Constituent Assembly. Mr. Bradby is so devoted to Barnave that he gets a little impatient at times with his hero's enemies and detractors. He rails at the "lachrymose eloquence" and "suppressed snarls" of Robespierre; the fatuous conceit of "the busybody, Gouverneur Morris, the one-legged American statesman," who fondly imagined that he was guiding the Revolution because he gave advice which nobody took; and "the *Actes des Apôtres,* that famous paper of the aristocrat party, which enjoys an undeserved reputation for wit among those who have not read it, and a well-deserved reputation for obscenity among those who have." But he is no blind panegyrist. His biography of Barnave is really an excellent history of the Constituent Assembly so far as its work was influenced by Barnave. He has picked out the interesting details which give the proper setting for Barnave's great speeches and other activities as Deputy. To the "Flight to Varennes" he gives particular attention because Barnave was one of the three Deputies sent to escort captured royalty back to Paris. He sat in the berlin, wedged in on the seat between Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, and was so courteous to them that the charge arose a little later that he had treacherous secret dealings with the Court. The charge was frequently repeated and became the pretext on which he was sent to the guillotine on November 29, 1793. It has also been often repeated and accepted by historians. But Mr. Bradby, after critically examining all the evidence, seems to establish conclusively that the charge was an unjust calumny born of political hatred and suspicion.

Helen Bosanquet's "The Family" (Macmillan; $2.25 net) is a reprint of a work which appeared first in 1906. The origin of the family, the purpose of the family, and the extent to which the purpose is being accomplished are as fundamental questions as those relating to the nature and purpose of electricity. Most persons give them about as much thought as they give the air we breathe. As the author of this work says, no one will feel himself at a loss in answering the question, "What is a family, and what is its purpose?" Man, woman, and child constitute the family, and the purpose of the combination is the mutual convenience and protection of all the members belonging to it. Nevertheless, in its just history, its present significance, and its importance for the future, the family involves a whole heaven and earth beside. In its simplest form it gives rise to no ambiguity and doubt. But in many of its aspects it is quite the reverse of simple, and here we find it susceptible of the widest divergences of interpretation. The justification of this reprint lies in the inexhaustible character of the theme, its vast importance in connection with modern political and social activities, and, not least of all, the sympathetic and conscientious treatment accorded it.

Under the rather unusual title of "The Orthocratic State" (Sturgis & Walton; $1) John Sherwin Crosby has embodied the results of an inquiry into "the unchanging principles of civics and government." The little volume contains a thoughtful statement of what its writer believes to be the underlying justification of all civilized rule, together with a survey and analysis of governmental functions, whether properly or improperly exercised. Mr. Crosby was prompted to write these chapters by the seeming need of meeting the Anarchists with their own forensic weapons, that is to say, by matching argument with argument rather than by entering a general denial or demurrer. He sets out to prove, accordingly, that the state is orthocratic, or endowed with an absolute right to be and to act so long and so long only as it does nothing which would be unjust to any human being if performed without civil authority. "That which would be harmful or unjust if done by an individual or a mob," he argues, "can be neither harmless nor just when done by the state." Having settled the basis of political obligation the author adds a chapter on Civic Problems, in which his conclusions on political theory are applied to the interpretation of present-day affairs. In the main, however, this portion of the book is an argument for such radical measures as public ownership of land, the abolition of all corporate privileges, and the adoption of a non-metallic or abstract basis for the national currency. The author writes with skill and sincerity. This will gain for his ideas a respectful hearing, even though his conclusions will not command any wide acceptance.

Not the least myopic of Mr. Bryan's recent ineptitudes is his proposal to discuss the question, "How may peace be restored?" wholly without reference to the question, "Who began the war?" If, as all the belligerents in some sense maintain, the great conflict was caused by a sudden but premeditated act of criminal aggression, the fact can hardly be without pertinency to the question, "How *ought* peace to be restored?" For it is not in the interest of the future security of Europe that acts of criminal aggression be proved by the event to be highly profitable to the nations engaging in them. It can be no good peace which rewards past disturbers of the peace. Books about the causes of the war, therefore, cannot yet be relegated to the category of ancient history; they touch very nearly the momentous practical issue of the future settlement. Among briefer books of this sort, that of J. Holland Rose ("The Origins of the War"; Putnam; $1 net) is, on the side of the political and diplomatic antecedents, one of the best documented and most readable. The volume—composed of lectures delivered at the University of Cambridge last autumn—shows, indeed, many signs of haste in composition; it is, for example, rather amazing to find a historian of Mr. Rose's quality citing "The Secrets of the German War Office," even though it be with the mild warning that "the statement is made without proof and is on several grounds suspicious." But in general the author makes a more discriminating use of the unusually wide range of material, especially of diplomatists' memoirs, in which he shows himself to be scarcely less at home than in the similar literature of the Napoleonic period; and his account, in particular, of Anglo-German diplomatic relations since 1875 is at several points exceptionally illuminating.

In his discussion of the social and economic causes of the war, Mr. Rose is much less competent. He embraces the theory, bathetically set forth by some German writers, that it is the "excessive pressure of population" that has driven Germany to arms. "The militant German of to-day is consciously or unconsciously harking back to the primitive times when the young Teutonic bloods persuaded the tribal meeting to let them lead forth a band of warriors to a land of plenty." At bottom the war is due to the determination of the German people not to "see the great majority of their emigrants forever lost to the Fatherland." This determination, in itself, Mr. Rose regards as a legitimate one; and he expresses the generous hope that the Germans may yet—not by conquest, but through "the fiat of mankind"—acquire, "if need be, parts of Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, and South Brazil," the Monroe Doctrine to the contrary notwithstanding. All this is more creditable to the author's magnanimity than to his learning. A slight use of ordinary works of reference would have acquainted Mr. Rose with the facts that for many years Germany has had no "excessive pressure of population," relatively to her resources and to the labor required for her industries; that German emigration has long since sunk to almost negligible proportions, amounting in 1912 only to some eighteen thousand persons; that immigration into Germany has meanwhile steadily increased, and has annually far exceeded the emigration; that for thirty years the Empire has possessed colonies in Africa and in the Pacific, extending over more than a million square miles, much of this territory being not unsuited to white habitation; and that at the outbreak of the war the German population of these colonies amounted to scarcely twenty thousand persons. Germany's craving for over-seas expansion has undoubtedly been one of the serious causes of international friction during the past quarter-century; but it has been in no degree the manifestation of a genuine economic or cultural need. And even if the facts had been otherwise, the action of German statesmen in 1914 would have been the strangest imaginable way of remedying a plethora of population. For among its most probable consequences were the loss of most of Germany's colonies, and the loss at the same time of the supposed surplus of population which was conceived to make colonies needful.

"The United States Federal Internal Tax History from 1861 to 1871," by Dr. H. E. Smith (Houghton Mifflin), is the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Prize Economic Essay of the year 1912. It is the conventional essay in fiscal history, but somewhat more thorough and painstaking than the average. Indeed, Dr. Smith seems to have left little, if anything, for others to do in writing the legislative history of the internal revenue system for his period. On the actual operation of the internal taxes the book is not so strong. It summarizes fairly well the evidence afforded by official documents, especially the reports by Mr. Wells, and utilizes some other materials; but does not attempt minute study of the history of the industries most affected by war taxation. Perhaps such work can be undertaken only by students of the history of particular industries, but it must be done by some one before a definitive history of internal taxes can be written. At some points Dr. Smith has neglected useful secondary materials. Thus (p. 2) upon the crisis of 1857 he refers to Hyndman's "Commercial Crises," and overlooks Dunbar's noteworthy essay. He overlooks, also, Dunbar's essay on the direct tax of 1861. Had he read it, he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might have modified the opinion expressed, at the end of the second chapter, concerning the utility of the constitutional grant of power to levy direct taxes. On page 163 Dr. Smith states that the stamp tax on mortgages "was $50 for every $500," and expresses the opinion that this rate was, "*perhaps*, excessive." Fortunately, however, Congress imposed no such rate, the tax on mortgages being, not $50, but 50 cents per $500.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the New England town meeting elected the schoolmaster. Then his election was turned over to the Selectmen, and ever since that time it has remained out of direct popular control. The Selectmen were succeeded in the exercise of this function by a "prudential committee," which easily led to our boards of education, which, in turn, sometimes delegate the power to a superintendent of schools. The present practice in detail as it exists in seventy-two of our cities is set forth in "The Appointment of Teachers in Cities," by Dr. Frank Washington Ballou, in the second volume of the Harvard Studies in Education (Harvard University Press). He finds that there is a well-defined tendency to increase the importance of the superintendent, but a wide diversity in the qualifications required of teachers. Only English grammar and American history are required uniformly in the five cities especially studied, twenty-nine other subjects being prescribed in one or more of them. At the close of his book Dr. Ballou presents a "constructive plan" for the appointment of teachers.

Among the mystics Ruysbroeck is an attractive and important figure. Although familiar with the writings of Meister Eckhart and his pupils Suso and Tauler, he shunned the excesses bred by the German school and reverted to the more sane and orderly mysticism of Latin Christianity. The latter variety is a kind of flowering of true Catholic doctrine, the former tends to a grotesque and ego-centric pantheism. In an interesting if rather exuberantly written little volume (Macmillan; $1) Evelyn Underhill, who has written other books on mysticism, gives an account of the life and works of Ruysbroeck, analyzes his modes of thought and practice, and concludes with an amateurish bibliographical note.

One had thought that the day of the simple-hearted narrative of European travel was gone forever. Father Michael Barrett, O.S.B., in "Rambles in Catholic Lands" (Benziger Brothers; $2 net), proves the contrary. Having completed a very pleasant little tour in Germany, Austria, and Italy, he sits down to give us his experiences, of which those remaining most forcibly in the reader's memory are such discoveries as that railway travelling is wearisome, but can be alleviated by the attentions of a polite guard; that the scent of lemon-blossom resembles that of orange-blossom, or that German beds are uncomfortable until you get used to them. He also describes a number of monasteries, which in themselves are interesting, but which are doubtless treated of, though perhaps less exhaustively, in the local guide-books.

To the Western mind, distracted by the spectacle of woman protruding from the "home" in various degrees, there is promise of repose in the opening pages of Elizabeth Cooper's "The Women of Egypt" (Stokes: $1.50 net). But we soon learn that even here the pure type is being modified; "the aristocracy can be seen driving in the afternoon within closed broughams." And a young man is capable of saying of his fiancée, "I will try to get her into a school or have teachers for her after we are married, if my mother will permit it."

The difficulty of finding a suitable book for a course for volunteer social workers has led to the compilation of "The Field of Social Service" (Boston: Small, Maynard; $1.50), edited by Philip Davis, who is the head worker in the Civic Service House, Boston. Beginning with a survey of the Background in Social Work, the volume describes in untechnical language the field for such activity, not laying special emphasis upon "charitable" work, and giving practical suggestions to persons who wish to have a part in such effort. To others the book will be of interest as an authoritative, readable account of social readjustments that are taking place and of the agencies that are more or less consciously bringing these about.

Science

THE SILLIMAN LECTURES.

Problems of American Geology. By William North Rice, Frank D. Adams, Arthur P. Coleman, Charles D. Wolcott, Waldemar Lindgren, Frederick L. Ransome, and William D. Matthew. A series of lectures dealing with some of the problems of the Canadian Shield and of the Cordilleras, delivered at Yale University on the Silliman Foundation in December, 1913. New Haven: Yale University Press. $4 net.

This course of lectures was arranged at Yale as a memorial to James Dwight Dana on the centenary of his birth, and two great groups of problems in geology were selected as fitting subjects in view of Dana's interest in them. The first of these is the problem of the meaning of that most ancient land on earth, a land of granite wastes bordered by mighty lakes, the Laurentian Highlands of Canada. The second is the problem of the mountain foldings, volcanic rocks, and vast deserts of the Cordilleran mountain ranges from Alaska to Mexico, a field which, like the other, has been rapidly explored in great detail since Dana's time. It has yielded up stores of learning on the subjects of the ancient geography, evolution of animal life, and intrusion and extrusion of enormous bodies of volcanic melt, which makes the granite cores of the mountain ranges, and the country rock of innumerable mining districts, as well as the floods of lava and remnant hot places that are so conspicuous from the Yellowstone to the great volcanic peaks of California and the Cascade Range. For the exposition of present-day knowledge on these subjects a group of the most distinguished geologists of Canada and the United States was invited to lecture, and the summary statements of the several problems which they have presented in this volume compose a fitting memorial to the man who was the author of the greatest textbooks on mineralogy and geology of his time.

The contribution of Professor Rice, entitled "The Geology of James Dwight Dana," is an admirable and sympathetic revelation of the extraordinary range of Dana's learning and publications, and a tribute to his work and character as a man and a teacher. His two great, world-famous books were "The System of Mineralogy" and "The Manual of Geology." In addition he was no mean zoölogist, and described more than two hundred new species of coral animals and more than five hundred new species of crustacea. One of his admirable traits was his capacity for accepting new ideas and unhesitatingly abandoning old prejudices; thus he accepted evolution in the later editions of his book and completely changed his classification of minerals when it was found that chemistry and crystallography were the only sound bases for mineral system. He was the originator of the doctrine of permanence of continents. He wrote important books on coral islands and Hawaiian volcanoes, and the successive editions of his Manual kept pace with the growth of our knowledge of the glacial period in America, the difficult interpretations of the age of the ancient rocks of New England, and the mechanism of mountain-making in the Appalachians and in the Rocky Mountains.

If Professor Dana could return to us and read this book, probably the most distinctive characteristic of the progress of the last twenty years in American geology which would impress him is the brilliant and extraordinary work of Canadians. In his time, the work of Logan, Murray, and the Dawsons had already taken first rank in geological scholarship and brilliancy of generalization. But the great explorations of the West sent out by the American Government overshadowed them, and the names of Clarence King, Hayden, Wheeler, Gilbert, Dutton, Powell, and Dana himself were preëminent. But along with the marvellous growth of the Dominion of Canada in population, commerce, communication, and education, there has been developed a sturdy race of brilliant explorers and a marvellous development of mineral wealth. Three of the authors of this book are Canadian geologists, and the authors most cited in the index are Lawson and Daly, both Canadians, and both employed as American college professors. For many years there has been a friendly conflict waged between the American and Canadian schools of thought and terminology on the subject of the gneisses and schists of the Lake Superior region. Tomes as large as dictionaries have been published by American authors dealing mainly with the rocks originally called Laurentian and Huronian by Canadian authors. This book, published by an American university, is a complete triumph for the Canadian school; the classifications advocated are based upon the discovery by a Canadian, Lawson, of the most ancient fossils in the world, definite sponges of two species, and at least as old as the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lower Huronian. Other Canadian geologists have identified the scratched pebbles and gigantic boulders of a still older glacial period; and the finding of limestones and carbonaceous deposits among the lowest beds that can definitely be considered sediments, leads to a division of the pre-Cambrian rocks into two groups, Archæozoic and Proterozoic, meaning the containers, respectively, of an ancient unknown life and of the first definite life. It is a far cry from the geological opinion of fifty years ago, when the so-called Silurian was the container of the first-known fossils, to that of the present day, which has added Ordovician, Cambrian, Proterozoic, and Archæozoic, and unhesitatingly believes that no sedimentary rocks exist remnant from a time when there was no life.

It should not be understood, however, that the several authors of this book agree in classification or in any theory concerning the ancient sedimentary rocks. Professor Adams, who writes on the very old gneisses of Canada, the granites, and the most ancient unconformities, does not believe in the term Archæozoic. The brilliant experimental work which Professor Adams has done in Montreal on the effects of high pressure on minerals, makes particularly interesting his conclusion that the hornblende schists may be produced (p. 69), (1) by the recrystallization of impure limestones; (2) by the alteration of basic igneous rocks; and (3) by the transfusion of limestones by granite fluids. He suggests as criteria for correlating formations that contain no fossils (p. 59), (1) tracing a formation directly; (2) similarity of mineral character; (3) relation to great revolutionary periods characterized by uprising, folding, and igneous phenomena. One cannot but regret that Dr. Adams has not separated in this list the times of surface volcanic action, such as the Keewatin and Keweenawan. The discussion of these periods and their volcanic activity would be illuminating, and the Keewatin is somewhat neglected in this book.

Professor Coleman appears to accept the terms Archæozoic and Proterozoic, and as his studies have been directed to the Sudbury Series, a great body of sediments and volcanic rocks shot through with Laurentian granite, he introduces this series as separated by a great discordance from the Keewatin and Grenville formations below, and (with the Laurentian) similarly separated from the Lower Huronian above. Although their differences of interpretation are not pointed out as such, the tabulations of succession given respectively by Adams and Coleman differ very greatly. Adams considers the Laurentian gneisses to be at the base of everything, as well as partly invading later formations in igneous fashion. Coleman definitely places the Grenville limestones and schists as the oldest known rocks, making the Laurentian granites much later intrusions, in which, however, the sediments "are cradled as if the magma had lifted them bodily." The fossils discovered by Lawson near Atikokan, one hundred miles west of Lake Superior, were considered by Lawson as Archæozoic, or about the age of Keewatin or Grenville. Coleman considers them much later, the fresh appearance of the limestone resembling typical Huronian. An amusing evidence of how doctors differ appears in the philosophical interpretations of the pre-Cambrian presented in different parts of the book by Professor Coleman as authority on Proterozoic formations, and Dr. Wolcott, a world authority, on the Cambrian. Coleman writes: "It may be that the earth in pre-Cambrian times was not yet clothed with land plants, and that life existed only in the water" (p. 156); his chronological table (p. 160) of pre-Cambrian events shows at least five marine invasions. Wolcott, on the other hand, using the term Algonkian for all pre-Cambrian sediments, considers that probably (p. 203) "all the known rocks of Algonkian time are of non-marine origin, and hence could not have imbedded a marine fauna."

The Keweenawan, a volcanic time next before the beginning of the Cambrian, injected the whole Canadian Shield with dikes of diabase estimated as possibly surpassing in bulk all the many cubic miles of outpoured lavas known in the Keweenawan formation (p. 157). These eruptions brought with them copper, nickel, silver, cobalt, gold, platinum, and palladium, and, excepting iron, almost all the metals in the rich mines of Canada resulted from the Keweenawan eruptions, no ore deposits of importance being known to have formed there later, "its floods of molten magma seem to have exhausted the treasure-house" (p. 160).

Dr. Wolcott's discussion of the Cambrian and its problems brings up to date the many discoveries, largely by himself and his colleagues, which have been made in North and South America and in Asia during the intervals since he wrote his famous paper on "North America in Cambrian Time." The most striking items in this paper are the résumé of pre-Cambrian fossils discovered (p. 202), and the discussion of the great Upper Cambrian invasion of marine waters. While the early Cambrian trangressions by the sea of the North American continent were due to localized down-warpings of the land, it appears that at the beginning of Upper Cambrian time the whole continent across the Mississippi basin was flooded from the Pacific side so as to connect through from Lower California to the Arctic Ocean. At the same time, Eastern Asia and South America were flooded with mediterranean seas, "which leads to the conclusion that it was a movement of the ocean level rather than a movement of the continents" (p. 139).

Coming to the igneous geology of the Cordilleras, Professor Lindgren shows that the most striking phenomenon is the great chain of Jurassic-Cretaceous batholiths from California to Alaska, the largest single unit, and "probably the greatest single intrusive mass known" on earth, being the body extending north of the international boundary from Vancouver to the Yukon for 1,100 miles, with a greatest width of 120 miles. This body is largely quartz diorite. This series of intrusions ranges in age from Middle Jurassic to early Tertiary, and "the intrusions seem to have begun on the west side by irruption of basic magma" and thence extended eastward, becoming more granitic. In the late Cretaceous and early Eocene the monzonite stocks and laccoliths appear in Idaho, Montana, and in general through the Rocky Mountains, while Miocene and Pliocene times were characterized by the maximum of volcanic activity, mostly surface flows constituting in the aggregate the greatest lava areas of the world; eleven greater volcanic areas are distinguished, from the Mexican Plateau to the Aleutian Islands. The succession of Tertiary lavas varies in different places, the most common arrangement indicating that rhyolite was first erupted, the series closing with the outpouring of basalts. Mr. Lindgren keeps an open mind on the subject of differentiation of igneous magma. He believes that in general the outer earth is in layers with the basaltic zone deeper than the more acid zones. Concerning the differentiation of lavas into rhyolite, andesite, and basalt, he writes: "The circumstantial evidence of differentiation is strong, but with all our discussions, nobody has yet proved the exact *modus operandi*." He believes in the stoping and "blowpiping" hypothesis of Lane and Daly, but he is not ready to grant that this passive rising of magma by detaching blocks from its roof is the dominant mechanism. He insists that everywhere uplift and intrusion go hand in hand, that wherever a roof is visible, doming is observed, and that undoubtedly uplift was a consequence of batholithic intrusion.

Dr. Ransome's chapter is an exhaustive classification of the Cordilleran mountain ranges. He lays stress on the Basin Range district of Nevada, being an area of collapse rather than of uplift. The post-Laramie revolution is accounted for by supposing that, during Cretaceous time, the Cordilleran land mass was rising and being eroded, the rising mass tending to spread eastward towards the sediments of the Laramie trough, and, finally, the uplifting forces were relaxed enough to permit thrusting stresses to accumulate on the border. The land mass was thrust forward against the eastern sediments, crumpling and overthrusting them. This revolution "would be followed by collapse and down-sinking of the imperfectly supported Cretaceous continent and by normal faulting behind the overthrusts."

Most readers will find Dr. Matthew's article on the problem of the Tertiary sediments the most fascinating and absorbing story in this intensely interesting book. The great accumulations of red, yellow, and brown silts that make the picturesque buttes and badlands of the West have yielded a store of fossil bones, and the older thought which considered them lake beds has been completely replaced by a knowledge that they are mostly river wash, volcanic ash, and wind-blown dust which trapped the bones of animals that lived upon the land. The lake theory had a great vogue, but it is now

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dismissed, "true lake deposits playing but a minor part" (p. 398).

As for the record of fossils, if we assume that in Tertiary time the fauna and flora were as large and varied in any one epoch as they are to-day, then there must have been about 300 genera and 1,500 species of land animals living at any one time.

During the Tertiary period there was a slow change in climate from warm and humid all over the world to the present cold polar climates and large arid deserts. Examining a chart of the world on a North Polar projection, we see a great circumpolar land mass, with Australia, Africa, and South America extending southward from it as peninsulas. The story of the distribution of monkeys, carnivora, horses, sloths, and other mammals in successive ages indicates a dispersal southward from this polar continent. The sequences tabulated, particularly that of the horse, show how strikingly the evolutional series are being filled out by modern science. The evolution of Tertiary mammals is traced "in an ever-increasing diversity of structure and adaptation, in an ever-increasing dominance of the fauna of the open plains, of arid regions, and of cold climates." "And through all the adaptive divergencies, we see a steady, continuous improvement in the size and quality of the brain, . . . raising the mammals continually higher above the semi-automatic and instinctive life of the lower animals."

The following word-picture of the possible forefathers of mankind is vivid:

> I am more disposed to think of these, our distant ancestors, at the dawn of the Tertiary, as a sort of hybrid between a lemur and a mongoose, rather catholic in their tastes, living among and partly in the trees, with sharp nose, bright eyes, and a shrewd little brain behind them, looking out, if you will, from a perch among the branches, upon a world which was to be singularly kind to them and their descendants. . . . A kindly providence . . . had just removed from their path the huge and horrific dinosaurs which had terrorized the world for so many ages.

Only the birds, equally quick and active, might dispute the mastery of the world, but these were studying aerial navigation and left the mammals to rule over the land, "only reserving to themselves a few coaling stations, as it were, among the trees, and elsewhere on the land and picking up any unappropriated islands of the ocean where the mammals had not made good their territorial claims by occupation and settlement" (p. 440).

The summarized analysis of the evolution of modern mammals is to the effect that the placental orders date back to the late Cretaceous, the families to the early Tertiary, the genera to the late Tertiary, and modern species rarely date earlier than the Pleistocene or Glacial period, while the most highly specialized and dominant families, genera, and species are those of more recent origin. Such generalizations, drawn without bias from many groups of animals, show that there is nothing remarkable in the fact that the genus homo is geologically of recent date.

Drama

"YOUNG AMERICA."

A timely subject is worked out along solid, if conventional, lines in Mr. Fred Ballard's "Young America," which had its opening performance in New York at the Astor Theatre on Saturday evening. It was inevitable that a dramatist, casting about for an engrossing theme of the present day, should sooner or later choose the relation of children to the law, as it is seen especially in the juvenile court. The underlying proposition that even waifs will respond to kindness is of course not new, but the spirited courtroom scene, which makes up the entire second act, at least gives an appearance of freshness to this latest treatment. Mr. Ballard has indeed shown wisdom in confining novelty to setting and appurtenances. Of the latter he has been perhaps too prodigal. Besides a vacuum cleaner which can be used in a pinch to rid one's clothes of flour hurled in small bags by naughty children, there are two trained dogs, one of which at a certain juncture lays claim to being the protagonist, and a Plymouth Rock "rooster." But the real test is revealed in the fact that the characters themselves hold the audience's interest pretty steadily.

The problem of the play centres in Art Simpson, a young orphan who, at the request of his dying mother, has been looked after by his aunt, a washerwoman. But Mrs. McGuire has tired of the task, and, having children of her own, has wasted precious little sympathy on him. The result is that the boy has twice been brought before the Juvenile Court, and now, after a third offence—stealing chickens—awaits commitment to a reformatory. The court scene has been led up to by an act in which is assembled a group of suburbanites—some of them characters of capital interest, among them the Dorays, newly married, whose hen roost the boy has attempted to rob, and Billy Coombs, an amusing grumbler with a good heart. It is Mrs. Doray's sympathy for the wayward boy, fostered by a wise judge, which in the end makes a man of him, and, after strong scenes of uproarious comedy, broadens and softens the outlook of her husband and that of Coombs.

In spite of the fact that this play gets its effect in large measure from the surprises of situation, there is some firm character-drawing. The boy (Percy Helton), who loves his dog Jasper enough to steal for him, and who has no other friend but Nutty Beemer—a gamin admirably represented by Benny Sweeney—is made a bit too emotional in the climaxes, but otherwise is an excellent example of a child become sullen by being forced in upon himself. To the part of Mrs. Doray, who in the author's hands is nothing more than a sweet, sympathetic woman, Peggy Wood has added no little subtlety. Hers was a happy bit of acting. The rôle of Jack Doray, a man looking for domestic peace and finding himself, through his wife's intervention, saddled with the bringing up of a supposedly vicious orphan and his dog, is, of course, spectacular rather than difficult, and requires no comment. But a word should be said for the solid work of Forrest Robinson as Judge and of William Sampson as the cynic, Coombs. As played, both parts partook of the soundness usually to be found only in the old-time stock company.

We have allowed considerable space to a play which is after all only fair in all-round execution, because its author gives promise of better things. Other young playwrights might profitably follow his lead, to the extent at least of concentrating their attention upon representative human character, instead of attempting to solve any world-problem which happens to be to the fore. F.

The difference between Christian theory and Christian practice is the theme of John Galsworthy's play, "A Bit o' Love" (Scribner; 60 cents). When it was acted in London some time ago the piece met with a cool reception from the public and the critics. This is not surprising, for it has some manifest imperfections as drama, and offers little that would be likely to appeal to the great mass of theatre-goers. Nevertheless, it exhibits many of the qualities to be expected in any work of Mr. Galsworthy, such as a genuine realism enriched by imagination, a definite purpose, and sterling literary skill. The bitter wrong of it is too subtle to be apprehended of the multitude. Logically, the story should have closed in tragedy. The allegorical ending, if pretty, poetic, and sentimental, is also dramatically feeble and conventional. Michael Strangway, an ideal Chrisitian priest, patterned after the model of Francis D'Assisi, has been deserted by his newly wedded wife, to whom he is passionately devoted. She returns to tell him that she has rejoined an earlier lover, on whom her future happiness depends, and to implore him not to begin the divorce proceedings which must ruin them both. After a cruel struggle with despairing passion and anger, he convinces himself that revenge is no part of the divine love, and bids her go in peace. But the interview has been overheard, and presently he finds himself the jest of the parish. His rector's wife rebukes him for conduct subversive of the Faith and the Church, while the villagers deride him as a coward, and hiss him as he leaves the pulpit. In his agony he meditates suicide, and is about to hang himself in a barn when the prattle of a child and the coincidence of a feather wafted to him on a moonbeam revive his energies and hope, and he starts for fresh scenes to begin the battle of life anew.

The inherent dramatic defects of such a tale are obvious, in spite of the simplicity, sincerity, and power with which Mr. Galsworthy tells it. Nice problems of moral conduct, religious belief, and social law cannot be settled arbitrarily upon the merits of a very special and somewhat improbable instance. The judgment of enthusiasts is apt to be led astray by their zeal, and Mr. Galsworthy is not exempt from this liability. It is by no means certain that a woman in Mrs. Strangway's position might not live to regret that divorce had not enabled her to establish legal claims upon her lover. Mr. Strangway's benevolence, in the final issue, might prove the reverse of beneficial. Freedom is not the only question involved in free love. The dramatist unquestionably would have made his play more effective if he had permitted his hero to die, and so presented the by no means inconceivable spectacle of a good man done to death for daring to live up to the spirit of the faith that was in him. But the chief virtue of "A Bit o' Love"—an infelicitous title—resides

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not in the story but in the dialogue, which reproduces the atmosphere of the prescribed locality, the Southwest of England, with notable fidelity. The manner in which frequent satirical meaning, of which the supposed speaker is often unconscious, is expressed in the simplest and most natural phraseology, is particularly skilful. There is delightful sense of rural character, of mental processes as well as of speech, in the scene showing a meeting in the village public-house. Both humor and utterance are redolent of the soil. Admirable, too, is the talk of the children, really childlike, but not merely childish. Strangway himself is a fine type of spiritualized humanity, neither maudlin nor sanctimonious, a saintly man. The rector's wife is a vital and womanly sketch. It is a delightful play for the library, with little to commend it to the commercial stage.

"The State Forbids" (Mitchell Kennerley), by Sara Cowan, is a little thesis play of decided but misdirected ability—written to prove that the state which makes it illegal for doctors to destroy idiotic children at birth, on the ground that all life is sacred, is utterly unjustified in destroying healthful life by enforcing conscription in time of war. Of course there is no real relationship between the two propositions. Authors of thesis plays seldom take the trouble to look far beyond the particular instance with which they are dealing. It is not difficult, one would imagine, to foresee some of the manifold abuses which might occur if the question of life or death for infants was left in the hands of irresponsible physicians. In the case of conscription life is endangered only (not taken) in order to save other lives and liberty. The public would not be any the worse off if a good many silly and mischievous plays were snuffed out before making their way into the world, but the state unluckily respects their right of existence.

Finance

THE GREAT FALL IN STERLING EXCHANGE.

The complete demoralization in exchange on London, this week, has superseded all other topics of financial discussion. The break from last week's high rate of 4.66½ to 4.62½ on Saturday and to 4.55½ last Tuesday (31 cents under the normal parity) brought dealing in international exchange to an absolute standstill. For perhaps the first time, it caused apprehension in the markets over the heavy additional cost involved to European purchasers of our merchandise by the premium which they must pay in English money to lay down the price in American money at New York. The notion that this might curtail England's purchase of our merchandise was urgently discussed on Wall Street, as was also the more familiar notion that selling of our securities by London would be stimulated because of the advantage in turning dollar values into pounds sterling. Both on the Stock Exchange and in the wheat market the present week's movement of prices was visibly influenced by this imagined sequel to the collapse of exchange rates.

These apprehensions are probably much exaggerated. Necessarily, this great depreciation in the purchasing power of the English pound on a market where England buys supplies will enhance the price of all such commodities to the English consumer. In that respect, it operates almost precisely like actual depreciation of a currency through abandonment of the gold standard. The abnormal fall in sterling exchange, however, is not limited to our own among the great producing markets. Greater or less depreciation, in one of these markets as against another, might lead to temporary shifting of such orders. But in the main, Great Britain is buying in our own market what it has to buy.

In the face of last week's 4-cent drop in sterling at New York, this country's merchandise exports for that week, as shown by the Government's statement this week, rose $10,000,000 over the week preceding, making the third largest weekly export movement of the year. As for the stimulus to selling of our securities by English holders, the patent fact is that such sales have actually slackened, during this latest violent break in exchange. Either the English investor argues that, by keeping his securities, he can get the bonus on his interest and dividends as well as he could get it on his principal by selling, or else he is, on the whole, content to leave his money in the securities of a country to whose economic prestige the exchange market is giving such eloquent testimony.

The really grave aspect of this sensational fall in exchange is not its effect on trade or on investments, but its inevitable bearing on the prestige and credit of London. It is frequently remarked that sterling at New York fell nearly to present figures during 1873, and below them in 1857. But those cases were not analogous. The decline was in each case momentary, was followed by recovery to normal rates, and was caused, not at all by England's necessities, but by the prostration of the New York money market in the face of panic, which made it impossible for holders of drafts on London to get cash for them, except at a heavy sacrifice. To match existing conditions in exchange, one would almost certainly have to go back to the rate on London at the great continental cities in the Napoleonic wars. But London can ill afford such loss of prestige now, in view of its admitted surrender, considered by Lombard Street only temporary, of its position as the world's money centre. It is probably not yet too late to remedy the situation through scientific use, on a very large scale, of English credit in New York. But the problem has been fumbled with at least six months too long, and each successive day makes its solution harder.

On the side of the United States the episode in the sterling market is most interesting. A few days ago $19,500,000 gold arrived in one consignment at New York from London. This followed a long succession of smaller shipments, which have borne witness to the new situation in this country. Nobody will have forgotten that, a year ago last month, the one thing on which our whole financial community seemed to agree was that if our Stock Exchange should reopen, Europe would draw away all the gold of the United States. It was commonly believed that Europe held $5,000,000,000 of American securities, and that our markets were also heavily in debt to London on current account. The American stocks and bonds, it was taken for granted, would all be sold back to us. How could we pay for them, except in gold?

As a matter of fact, this country actually did export $104,000,000 gold in the first four months of war-time, even with our stock exchanges closed to European liquidation. But since January 1, the outside world has sent more than $180,000,000 gold to the United States—an amount more than double the largest previous import for any corresponding period, and matched only twice in any full calendar year of the country's history. Meantime the complete report by the United States Mint, published a week ago, showed that this country's own gold production during 1914 was $94,500,000, larger by $6,200,000 than the year before.

At the monthly average thus indicated, $63,000,000 gold has been added from this source alone, since January 1, to the country's stock. The Government's "money circulation statement" showed that even on August 1 the gold in the United States was greater by $190,000,000 than on January 1, and greater by $119,000,000 than on August 1, 1914, when the war broke out. And gold is still pouring in at spasmodic intervals from Europe; nobody ventures to predict how much more will come before the year is over.

Will this extraordinary movement mean, as many bankers have predicted, that the wildest carnival of speculation in our history is about to break out? This is always a possible supposition. There is another possible theory, however—that this immense increase in reserve money means that the country is being equipped with the tangible resources wherewith to take up in earnest its new and possibly epoch-making task as the present money centre of the world.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Bowen, M. The Carnival of Florence. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Davis, R. H. Somewhere in France. Scribner. $1 net.
Lynde, F. The Real Man. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Rives. A. Shadow of Flames. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Winter, W. The Winner. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chase, B. Through a Dartmoor Window. Longmans, Green. $1.50 net.
Dewey, J. Schools of Tomorrow. Dutton. $1.30 net.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford University Roll of Service 1914-5. Edited by E. S. Craig. Oxford University Press. 70 cents net.
Reynolds-Ball, E. Mediterranean Winter Resorts. Seventh edition. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Van Dyke, H. The First Christmas Tree. Scribner.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lagarde, A. The Latin Church in the Middle Ages. Scribner. $2.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Brown, W. J. The Prevention and Control of Monopolies. Dutton. $2.25 net.
Christensen, A. Politics and Crowd-Morality. Dutton. $2.50 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters. Edited by her daughter, Henrietta Litchfield. 2 vols. Appleton.
Masefield, J. John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections with Biographical Notes. Macmillan. $1 net.
Overton, J. Life of Robert L. Stevenson; For Girls and Boys. Scribner. $1 net.

SCIENCE.

Shelton, L. Continuous Bloom in America. Scribner. $2 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Brower, H. Piano Mastery. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Stevens, T. W., and Goodman, K. S. Masques of East and West. The Stage Guild. New York: Vaughan & Gomme.

ART.

Barry, J. D. The City of Domes. San Francisco, Cal.: John J. Newbegin.
Old English Mansions. Depicted by C. J. Richardson and Others. Lane. $3 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Brownlie, R. B., and Others. First Principles of Chemistry. Allyn & Bacon.
Foster, W. H. Debating for Boys. Sturgis & Walton. $1 net.
Greer, C. C. A Textbook of Cooking. Allyn & Bacon.

New one volume edition, revised

Morals in Evolution

By L. T. HOBHOUSE

650 pages, 8vo. $3.25 net.

First published in two volumes in 1907, this work took its place as a standard authority and one written with unusual clarity and interest.

The first edition was shortly exhausted, but the author desired a thorough revision before reprinting; meantime the book has been out of print.

This moderate priced edition is practically a new book.

HENRY HOLT AND CO. 34 W. 33d St. New York
PUBLISHERS OF THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW

SPENCER FULLERTON BAIRD

By WILLIAM H. DALL. Octavo, 19 illus., $3.50 net. Postage extra.

The life of the great naturalist, the friend of Agassiz and Audubon, the head of the Smithsonian Institution, the Organizer of the Fish Commission. With much interesting correspondence with eminent men of science and military leaders.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PLAYS OF THE PIONEERS

By CONSTANCE D'ARCY MACKAY

Five plays from American history adapted for use in local festivals and pageants. Full instructions in regard to costumes and practical methods of presentation are given. *$1.00 net.*

HARPER & BROTHERS

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Lists of publications in sciences, philosophy, philology, history, economics, will be sent upon request.

The University of California Press
BERKELEY, CAL.

M. A. B. (Mainly About Books)

An illustrated monthly magazine containing excerpts and specimen illustrations from the best new English Books, literary gossip and authors' photographs. A copy will be sent to you post free for twelve months on receipt of 50 cents.

T. FISHER UNWIN, Ltd.,
1 Adelphi Terrace, London, England

Read

L. M. Montgomery's new "ANNE" book

ANNE OF THE ISLAND

A SEQUEL TO

"ANNE OF GREEN GABLES" *310th thousand*
"ANNE OF AVONLEA" *109th thousand*

THE LONDON NATION *says of* THE DEATH OF A NOBODY *by* JULES ROMAINS:

"An exquisite tour de force. Let no lover of intellectual excitement hesitate to turn to it." *$1.25 net*

B. W. HUEBSCH PUBLISHER NEW YORK

WE BUY BOOKS

Paying more than most dealers. If you wish to sell single volumes, small collections, or entire libraries, write or call

Putnams 2 West 45th Street
Just West of 5th Avenue

Read

The World in the Crucible

By SIR GILBERT PARKER.

The well-known novelist and member of Parliament

AT ALL BOOKSTORES, $1.50 net.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK

The Nation

At Leading Book Stores

THE NATION is on sale at leading book stores and newsstands throughout the United States and Canada. Our readers will confer a favor by reporting to us any newsstand or book store at which they are unable to obtain copies of THE NATION. If you desire to secure a copy regularly through the newsdealer, during temporary sojourn at any place, it is a good plan to give him a regular order. List of dealers in a number of cities where THE NATION may be obtained is as follows:

Ann Arbor, Mich., H. Stofflet.
Atlanta, Ga., Miller's Book Store.
Baltimore, Md., Newsstand, Hotel Belvedere.
Beloit, Wis., E. A. Nelson.
Buffalo, N. Y., Iroquois Hotel Newsstand.
Chicago, Ill., A. C. McClurg & Co.
Chicago, Ill., A. Kroch.
Cleveland, O., Pushaw Stand in Superior Arcade.
Decatur, Ill., W. T. McFadden.
Galesburg, Ill., G. A. Swenson.
Hartford, Conn., H. P. Koppleman.
Milwaukee, Wis., T. S. Gray Co., 104 Wisconsin St.
Ithaca, N. Y., D. Mayers.
Madison, Wis., The College Book Store.
Minneapolis, Century Newsstand, 10 S. 3rd.
Montreal, Chapman's Book Store.
New Orleans, La., C. E. Staub.
New Orleans, La., G. E. Hill.
Newport, R. I., W. P. Clarke Co.
Philadelphia, Pa., C. B. Swift, Bullitt Bldg.; L. G. Rau, 7th and Chestnut Streets; Greene Hotel, 8th and Chestnut Streets.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Boggs & Buhl Book Dept.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Horne's Book Dept.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Jones Book Shop, 416 Wood St.
Richmond, Va., Richmond News Co.
San Francisco, Cal., Golden Gate News Co.
Springfield, Mass., Hotel Kimball Newsstand.
St. Louis, Mo., Philip Roeder Book Store, 703 Locust St.
Toronto, Canada, Prince George Hotel Newsstand.
Toronto, Canada, McKenna's Book Store, 235 Yonge Street.
Washington, D. C., Newsstands at Raleigh, Willard and Shoreham Hotels; Adams News Depot, 622 9th Street.
Winnipeg, Canada, F. R. Morris, 235 Portage Ave.

Don't Miss

The Nation

while you are away

Send your new address *and the old one* to this office—or schedule of your trip—and we'll see that The Nation follows you wherever you go.

Address The Nation, 20 Vesey St., New York.

The Manassas Industrial School

OF

Manassas, Virginia

A LITTLE school on the battle field of Bull Run founded by a colored woman some twenty years ago. It is doing invaluable work among the young colored people of Northern Virginia in giving them skilled training in many trades, and fitting them for intelligent citizenship.

The school has the endorsement of the Miner Board, the Slater Fund, the General Education Board and the Phelps-Stokes Fund, and its influence on the community life in that section is marked. It is largely supported by annual contributions, but its income from this source is insufficient. Your help to increase this income will be appreciated.

Contributions, large or small, are gratefully received, and may be sent to

Miss M. R. WALTER
Post Office Box 794
20 Vesey St.
NEW YORK CITY

☞ Checks should be drawn payable to the order of The Manassas Industrial School.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED